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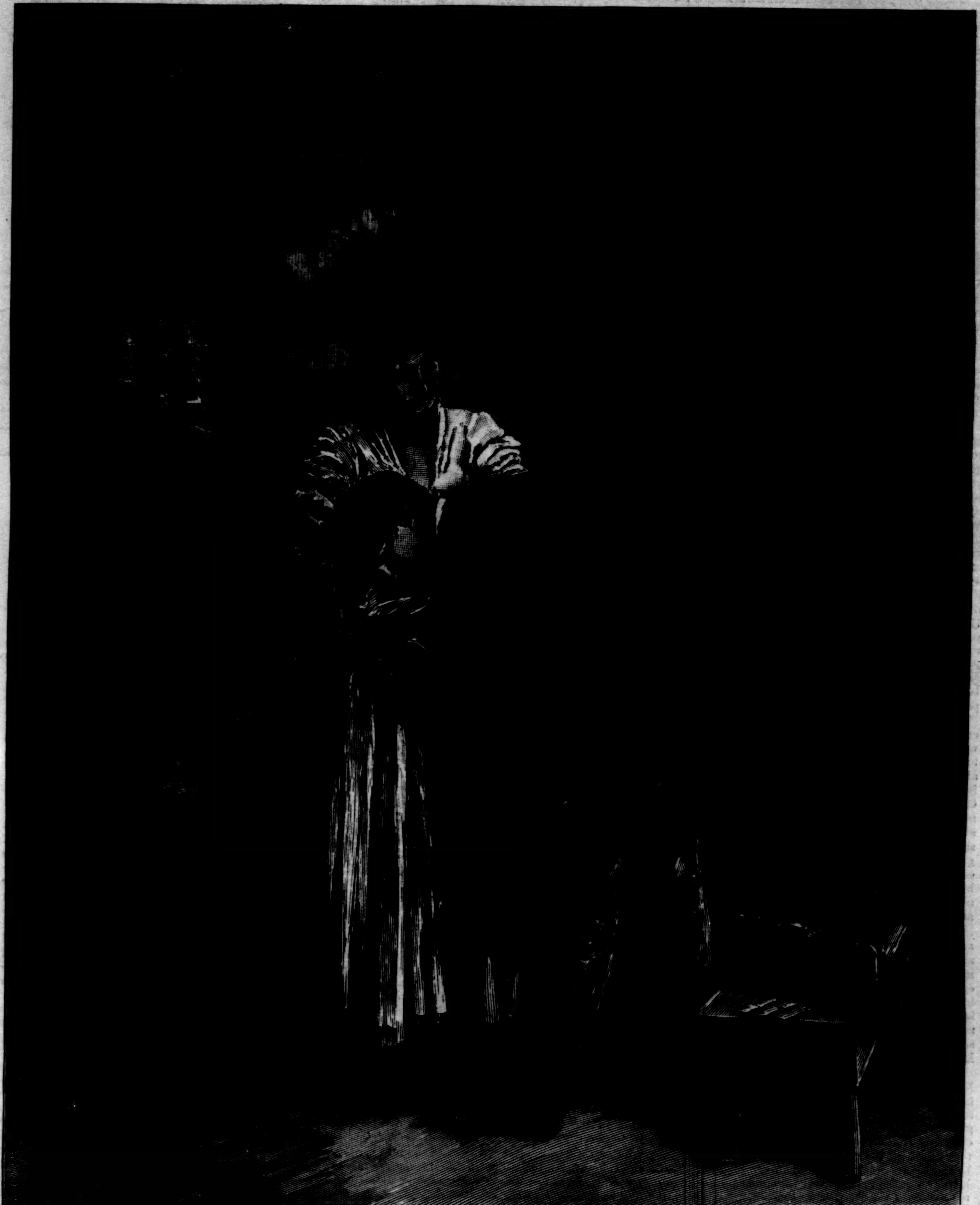

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No. 1703.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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A LATE GOLDEN WEDDING.

THE golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE was the occasion for another expression of the honor in which the most eminent of Englishmen is held. By a happy chance, also, just at the same time the debate upon the grants to the Queen's grandchildren gave him the opportunity to express his loyalty to the crown and his opposition to all that impaired its splendor and dignity, professing his pleasure in remembering in his old age his services as its official representative. This speech, bringing him in accord with the government, and arraying him against the radical wing of his party, drew even the *Times* into the chorus of congratulation upon his golden anniversary; and that his triumph might be complete, Mr. PARNELL joined him in supporting the government and in testifying to the dignity of the crown, from which he is accused of wishing to tear his country. The Queen sent her congratulations upon the happy day. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent letters, and the Prince a gold inkstand, to Mr. GLADSTONE. The King of the Belgians telegraphed his good wishes. All the Liberal and many of the Unionist clubs and associations in the kingdom sent addresses. Irish admirers sent an album illustrative of his political career. The Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord HARTINGTON, the Unionist leader, all the Liberal and many Unionist peers, with an immense multitude of friends, called to pay their respects. A number of liberal ladies presented a portrait of GLADSTONE by MILLAIS. Many other presents were received, and the members of the GLADSTONE family will erect a memorial portico at Hawarden.

In the evening, amid great enthusiasm, at the Liberal Club, Mr. GLADSTONE declared that he was overwhelmed in an ocean of kindness. His speech was touching, eloquent, and wholly free from political allusions, reciprocating the universal good-will and invoking blessings upon his friends as Britons and Christians. The occasion was most interesting, and not least so because, in the midst of a radical and acrimonious party contest, it was an expression of sincere regard from adherents of all parties to the great leader of one party. Beneath the conflict the combatants are men and Englishmen, and for one humane hour of truce they met as friends. It was a significant spectacle, an oasis in the hot desert of angry difference, on which the imagination happily lingers. It is impossible that Lord HARTINGTON and others of Mr. GLADSTONE'S former associates should not still regard their old leader with fond admiration, however they may think him strangely in error. As Englishmen, also, they cannot but rejoice in so splendid a specimen of English manhood, physical, mental, and moral, while as public men they see in him with pride a statesman whose name will share the renown of the greatest political names in English history.

The secret of this singular hold of a great party leader upon his political opponents as well as friends is his unquestionable sincerity. That Mr. GLADSTONE has the ambition which often accompanies great powers, and that he desires the place which his character and ability adorn, is not improbable. But that this is not the mainspring of his course is attested by the regard which is felt and shown for him. That he honestly aspires to crown his career by the happy settlement of the oldest and most difficult of political problems in England is his true title to universal respect. He is too genuine and instinctive an Englishman in every heart-beat to desire any diminution of British imperial power. But he seeks for the empire the greatness which arises from the willing union of different states, the greatness of consent, not of conquest. It is seldom that contemporary statesmanship of the highest class has been more strikingly contrasted than in the careers of BISMARCK and GLADSTONE. Its last simultaneous display in Germany and England was in the time of FREDERICK the Great and Lord CHATHAM. But CHATHAM restored the renown of England by FREDERICK'S methods. That parallel does not now hold. BISMARCK has united Germany by might. GLADSTONE aims at uniting Great Britain by right. If it be a longer process, it is a stronger tie. Even if he does not live to see the result accomplished, he will apparently give it so strong an impulse that it will sway English politics until the end is reached. But however this may be, in combined loftiness of life, splendor of abilities and acquirements, purity of political aims and methods, and untiring energy and sagacity, Mr. GLADSTONE is the most conspicuous figure of the time.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

As Congress adjourned at the beginning of the administration, the elections of this year, so far as they are affected by general considerations of public policy, and not merely by party tradition and local questions, will be determined by the course and promise of Executive action. The Samoan treaty and the changes in the civil service are the only "issues" which present themselves since the inauguration. The treaty is not yet published, and the report, when the negotiations closed, that it was very favorable to the United States, and showed great ability upon the part of our negotiators, is now followed by a statement to the effect that our negotiators did not obtain what they might have obtained had they been less bent upon personal and private objects. This is mere gossip, however, the grounds of which are not known. That BISMARCK would be outgeneralled by less experienced diplomatists ought not, indeed, to be hastily assumed, while the fact of an alliance of the United States with European powers to regulate the affairs of Pacific islands which were not represented in the conference is not necessarily a subject of congratulation. If it should turn out that Germany and Great Britain have a controlling voice in the management of Samoan affairs, the treaty would hardly prove to be a brilliant American triumph. But thus far the details have been well concealed.

When the Congress of American States meets at Washington it will be possible, perhaps, to perceive whether the administration proposes a definite foreign policy other than that of maintaining friendly relations with other countries. The immediate foreign question is that of our Canadian relations. Discussing this question in a recent letter, Senator HOAR holds that certain towns in the United States are the natural centres of trade with British Columbia, and others for that with Manitoba, and that the natural outlets for commerce and the natural sources for manufacture and supply for the eastern Canadian provinces are undoubtedly Boston and Massachusetts. The great wheat supplies of Manitoba, he says, ought to go to St. Paul and Minnesota in exchange for the supplies of goods and wares which the merchants of those cities sell. In this situation it would seem to be the policy of good sense to remove all obstructions from this intercourse, and in every way to encourage and extend it. But Senator HOAR holds that absolute freedom of Canadian commercial intercourse with us is impracticable without political union, as Canada could not admit our manufactures without a tax, and could not establish against the country of which it is a part a protective or, still less, an excluding tariff. The views of the administration upon the Canadian question will be awaited with great interest. But our foreign relations can play little part in the autumn elections.

It is the changes in the civil service which will be the only practical issue. That "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all Executive appointments" was the pledge under which the administration came into power. That it has been flagrantly violated cannot be denied. The abuse of political removals has been very much greater than for many years—we believe greater than since the LINCOLN administration. Senator PLUMB, of Kansas, for instance, says there have been four times as many changes made in the post-offices in Kansas by President HARRISON as were made by CLEVELAND in the same length of time. "In my county there is not a Democratic postmaster remaining." There was never a grosser, more deliberate, or more contemptuous violation of pledges solemnly given to the country than in the course of the administration in regard to the civil service. The President, indeed, has appointed an admirable Civil Service Commission, but the Commission has no power whatever over removals and appointments. Mr. ROOSEVELT is an honorable, energetic, and efficient friend of reform, who says and believes that the removal of a good officer because he is a Democrat is a violation of the spirit of the law. But he cannot prevent a single removal. Mr. CLARKSON is a frank and active enemy of reform, and he turns out postmasters at the rate sometimes of a thousand a week. The President approves amendments of the rules recommended by the Commission. But the President also permits, and therefore sanctions, the performances of Mr. CLARKSON, which totally discredit his assertion that "only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office." On the 25th of May, Mr. BONAPARTE, president of the Maryland Civil Service Reform Association, and, we believe, a Republican, said in his annual address:

> "It is not harsh criticism to say that during the past three months General HARRISON has already so failed to observe it [the principle of reform] that if he were the agent of any prudent private employer he would be removed from his place."

This is the only national issue which can affect in any degree the autumn elections. All that is evident is that the enthusiasm of Republican friends of reform cannot have been aroused by the course of the administration.

THE GRAND ARMY IN POLITICS.

THIS country cannot be honestly accused of indifference to the surviving soldiers and sailors in the civil war. They have been amply pensioned, and they are preferred by law in public employments. The debt which is thus generously and effectively acknowledged is also constantly and eloquently commemorated, and it is justly cited as a characteristic triumph of republican institutions that the great multitude of citizens who came forward to offer their lives for the common welfare, when the occasion had passed were quietly and immediately absorbed into the peaceful mass of the population, and the country, which had been saved by arms, was yet able at once to dispense with a great military establishment. It was natural, however, that while such citizens ceased to be soldiers they should still seek to cherish the feeling of old comradeship and the memories of a common cause and a common peril. As the officers of the Revolutionary army with the same feeling organized the Society of the Cincinnati, so the body of surviving Union soldiers formed a society called the Grand Army of the Republic, for the purpose of preserving freshly the military associations of the contest and of relieving the needy and unfortunate.

This was the worthy and legitimate object of the Grand Army of the Republic. With this purpose every honorable citizen heartily sympathized. But nothing could be more unworthy and illegitimate than to convert such an association into a political society, and to make the special interest of a class instead of the common welfare the object of its action. In the army during the war, and as a result of the large bounties offered for enlistment, there were adventurers, "bummers," and vagabonds of every kind and degree besides the great mass of devoted and patriotic citizens. This is the class which, when the war ended, would be sure to trade to the utmost upon their connection with the army, and if possible to convert the Grand Army into a machine to extort advantages of every kind for themselves and their kind by promising their continued political support or threatening their opposition. Gradually this tendency seems to have prevailed. The leadership has apparently passed in large part from the true representatives of the patriotic and charitable impulse from which the Grand Army sprang to those who basely mean to use it as a machine to secure money from the public treasury.

This is a course which necessarily covers the association with discredit, and alienates the sympathy of patriotic and intelligent citizens everywhere. It disgraces the name of Union soldier, and it is a gross outrage upon the brave and honest men who served honorably in the war. It is a degradation of patriotic service, fully and gladly recognized and rewarded, to regard it as a claim for living at the public expense. But that the Grand Army has been largely forced into this false and shameful position, and is becoming a sturdy and menacing beggar, is shown by the fact of the appointment of TANNER to the head of the Pension Office, and by his reckless conduct of that office, as if he recognized no citizens but former soldiers, and no duty but that of grabbing for them as much public money as possible, and under every plausible pretence. Commissioner TANNER was the most notorious representative in the country of this mercenary tendency in the Grand Army, and the fact that the administration, although fully informed of the facts, felt constrained to appoint him, shows how strong and menacing the power which he represents has become. His official conduct is one of the great scandals of the administration, which in its fifth month has been compelled to order an investigation of his course. His reconsiderations, re-ratings, and increase of pensions, his declarations in regard to "liberality" and service pensions, echoed by the Republican Convention in Ohio, indicate the tendency of the movement which he typifies toward a profuse extravagance which will become as intolerable for the country as it is unjust and disgraceful. In his first pension veto, as the Springfield *Republican* recalls, President Cleveland said what is well worth pondering by every intelligent and patriotic man:

> "Every relaxation of principle in the granting of pensions invites applications without merit and encourages those who for gain urge honest men to become dishonest men. Thus is the demoralizing lesson taught the people that as against the public treasury the most questionable expedients are allowable."

THE COMPETITION OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SERVICE.

It is stated that Judge Cooley, chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, has been offered $25,000 a year as chairman of the Railway Trunk Line Association. He receives $7500 in his present position. He is also known to be conspicuously fitted for the vacancy upon the Supreme Bench, although to this appointment his age might be a barrier. But the offer of the Railway Association raises the question whether the government can hopefully compete with private corporations for the greatest ability in its service. If the United States should ask an accomplished lawyer and upright man to a seat on the Supreme Bench, for which service it would pay him a salary of $10,000, and a railroad organization should invite him to its service and offer him a salary of $25,000, which invitation would he probably accept? In this particular instance the honor and dignity and certainty of the government position for life would probably secure him. But in other offices of the government, subject to the chances of an administration and of an election every four years, are the dignity and honor so great that they would probably overbear the much larger income and the reasonable certainty that the tenure would depend upon the same qualities of honesty and efficiency which led to the appointment?

To put the question in another way, do great business and executive abilities gravitate toward public or private employment? Does the man who develops the qualities which command large incomes and naturally seek a career apply for an office under government or under a great corporation? There are thousands of men at this moment fiercely contending for executive appointment at Washington, seeking foreign missions, or "anything else as good," willing to be made officers of almost any grade and almost anywhere. Are they generally men whose services would be sought by private corporations or business houses? Once more, when the government selects among these applicants, does it choose those who are best fitted by character, knowledge, experience, and training, or by some rule of thumb? In other words, in the necessary competition for employés with private business which offers larger salaries, does the government endeavor to make up for the lower compensation by the higher consideration? Does it enhance or cheapen the value of its own service? Does it, for instance, offer a man the gratification of honorable distinction, of the conscious dignity which naturally attaches to public service, or by the method of obtaining and holding place does it add to the lower emolument a certain degradation, and so repel those whom it should attract?

It is impossible for the government to compete with private corporations in the amount of salaries which it pays even for its higher service. Commonsense would dictate, therefore, that by providing a reasonable and not a capricious tenure, and by making the most of the honor of its service in every grade, it would attract to it the best available skill and character and training. It was reported of an eminent and eloquent clergyman that in speaking of a family in his parish he said that Tom was the youngest and stupidest of the children, and as he was not particularly fit for anything, they made a minister of him. The government certainly ought not to add to its disadvantages in the competition with private employers. But when it deliberately selects for offices of great trust and responsibility, controlling sometimes enormous sums of public money, men whom no private corporation or business would even think of intrusting with such responsibilities, the whole public service and every public officer are discredited. *Noscitur a sociis.* A commission of the high character and qualifications of the Inter-State Commerce Commission has a right to demand for the good name of the government and country that all Commissioners in other departments shall not be persons of whom self-respecting men are necessarily ashamed.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

The suggestion of Mr. Wanamaker that the city of New York should buy the Post-office building for municipal offices, and that a new building for the Post-office should be erected upon Union Square, is not received with favor upon any side. Mr. Wanamaker forgot that what Tammany wants is not municipal offices, but a job. It wants the contracts and the chances that belong to a new building, not the accommodations which are required, nor the possible saving of money. It is not in the saving but in the spending of public money that Tammany is interested.

Mr. Wanamaker also misapprehends the conditions which should determine the situation of the Post-office in New York. The great centres of heavy business, the banks, the commercial offices, newspaper offices, and exchanges, are all down-town. The Post-office should be among them, while branch offices can accommodate the postal business of other parts of the city. The Post-office building is a marvel of inconvenience for its purpose. But the government cannot hope to get rid of it easily or without enormous loss, and the last hope would be the city, which now means Tammany Hall.

WOMEN IN WAR.

It is announced that Colonel Phisterer, Post Adjutant of the New York militia, is preparing a military history of the State. It is intended to be complete, and among the interesting and valuable parts of the work will be an account of

> "the work performed by New York women for the cause, with other material which has long been buried in the national archives, and which has been recovered only by a most persistent and energetic digging."

This will be of especial interest because in the continuous discussion upon this subject it is urged as a conclusive argument that laws depend in the last resort upon force, and that women, if they should pass a law by their exclusive vote, could not enforce it.

In reply to this statement, Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Livermore, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, three of the most eminent leaders of the cause, have remarked, in a paper addressed to the Constitutional Conventions of the four new States:

> "If it is objected that women do not fight for their country, it must be remembered that while a majority of men are never called on for military service, all mothers *must* devote many of the best years of their lives to rear the sons who may defend the country. This inevitable and indispensable service of mothers is fully as important to the national welfare as the possible service of the soldier. Moreover, on the battle-field, in camp and hospital, women do their part in nursing the brave but wounded men, while the women at home often do the work the soldier was obliged to leave, and their own work also."

Colonel Phisterer's work will at least show what women have actually done during a great war to help the common cause, and it will enable a fair judgment to be formed upon the urgency and force of the argument adduced by the ladies whom we have mentioned. The Greenfield (Massachusetts) *Gazette and Courier* points out that the weight of the names of certain eminent English women which were recently published as opposed to the suffrage of women is quite outdone by that of four hundred names of high distinction selected from two thousand names received by the *Fortnightly Review*, and which favor the suffrage movement. The *Gazette and Courier* adds, "Women will vote in parliamentary elections, we predict, before even Massachusetts corrects itself."

THE ENGLISH SITUATION.

Mr. Smalley's letters to the *Tribune* are those of an intelligent and experienced observer of conservative sympathies, and there are no better glimpses of the passing world of London and of public feeling upon current events. He says in a recent letter that the debate upon the royal grants has brought to a head a long-festering mutiny in the Liberal ranks, which Mr. Gladstone has striven in vain to prevent. In his speech, which Mr. Smalley thinks was in his best vein, "he spoke to an almost unbroken accompaniment of Tory cheers," while "his own party sat silent or nearly silent. . . . It was a speech of perfect dignity and beauty, unmarred by a single flaw." But the Liberal politicians "are in full revolt against him."

Lord Randolph Churchill described Mr. Labouchere as "a cheap-Jack republican," and Mr. Smalley calls it "a remark which defines about all the republicanism there is in the country." This is a very different view from that which is generally entertained. What Mr. Smalley says of Mr. Parnell is no less important.

> "All expectations of a disturbance at Edinburgh when the freedom of the city was bestowed on Mr. Parnell were disappointed. His welcome the second day, like the first, was one which the *Times* was forced to describe as magnificent. Most remarkable of all were his two speeches. They may be said to contain the first explicit renunciation of Mr. Parnell's old hatred to England, and his old purpose to bring about a separation between England and Ireland. If they mean anything, they mean that Mr. Parnell would accept Mr. Gladstone's scheme for home rule as a finality, as in fact clearing off old scores between England and Ireland. What he said and the way in which he said it produced beyond doubt a deep impression on the audience, and an impression not less deep on the English public. It was the speech of a man who believes in the imperial policy, and is willing that Ireland should keep her place on fair terms in the empire, substantially as it now exists."

THOU ART THE MAN.

The New York Republican Convention of 1885 vehemently denounced the Democratic administration for its conduct in regard to removals and appointments, and laid especial stress upon the removal of Republican editors.

> "We denounce the hypocritical pretences under which faithful Republican officers are removed on the plea of offensive partisanship, while such men as Higgins, Thomas, Troup, Chase, Pillsbury, Aquilla Jones, and others, some of whose names appear upon the prison records of the country, and whose recommendation is political partisanship, are appointed in their places. While removing elsewhere on the ground of offensive partisanship Republicans who edit newspapers, the national administration continues in a high judicial office in the city of New York a prominent Democratic appointee who publicly announces himself as having assumed since his appointment the control of an avowedly partisan journal. We believe it the duty of the Republican majority of the Senate to oppose the confirmation of any person appointed in violation of the letter or spirit of the civil service act."

The appointment of officers "whose recommendation is political partisanship," or "whose names appear upon the prison records of the country," and the bribery of newspapers by patronage, are very justly condemned. The refusal of the Senate to sanction removals which violate the letter or spirit of the civil service act is a measure of radical reform which, except in this Republican platform, has been advocated only by some advanced reformers. This passage of the New York Republican platform of 1885 anticipated in its thoroughness and fervor the Republican pledge of reform in the national platform of 1888, and that there should be no suspicion of its absolute sincerity, it was reported to the Convention by Mr. George Bliss, the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions.

Its entire sincerity is further attested by the course of the Republican administration, and its strict conformity to the pledges of its platform and of its successful candidate for the Presidency. It must have been sincere, not only because platforms always are so, but because otherwise the national platform of 1888 would be proved to be a deliberate imposture.

PERSONAL.

Count Leo Schwabe, who died the other day at Beachmont, not far from Boston, at the age of about seventy-five years, distinguished himself during the late war by his kindness to sick and disabled Union soldiers. He owned slaves in South Carolina when the war broke out, but set them free at once. He was active in constructing hospitals, chapels, and libraries in the army, and contributed at least fifty libraries to the soldiers. Since the war he has been engaged quietly in various kinds of philanthropic work. Count Schwabe came from one of the most illustrious houses of northern Germany, whose members have been noted for their learning, refinement, and wealth. The secret of his apparently voluntary exile from his native country he never divulged, and of his former life he always refused to speak. He was a great traveller, and served with distinction during the Mexican war.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone met the Queen at a recent garden party for the first time in three years, and are said to have been received "affably and cordially."

—The Spencer cottage at Deer Park, Maryland, where President Harrison and his family are spending a part of the summer, looks like a pretty Swiss chalet, and, with its broad verandas, comfortable rooms, and adjacent shade-trees, it makes a very attractive warm-weather retreat. There is a square hallway fitted up with bright rugs, enticing chairs, and a fireplace, and a cozy parlor, whose walls are adorned with Mrs. Harrison's paintings. Deer Park is not a new fancy of the Harrisons, for they have been coming there at different times for the past eighteen years.

—Bishop G. F. Seymour, of the Episcopal diocese of Springfield, Illinois, has given many of his friends a pleasant surprise by marrying Mrs. Harriet Atwood Aymar, a wealthy Jersey City widow. The groom is sixty years old, and the bride thirty-five, and their friendship dates back to the lady's girlhood, when, as the member of a well-known Massachusetts family, she was Miss Atwood. The marriage ceremony was performed at Old Trinity by Bishop Potter, assisted by Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, a classmate of the groom at Columbia College, and but few other persons were present.

—American Minister Reid and his wife occupy one of the most magnificent private residences in Paris. It was once the home of Countess de Grammont, whose father, formerly the French Consul-General to Egypt, and an enthusiastic Egyptologist, had filled the vast hall of the splendid hotel with mummies, statues, pottery, bronzes, and a host of other curiosities, many of which had to be packed away by the present occupants.

—The Pope has given Archbishop Corrigan, of this city, two of his jubilee presents—a chalice and a ciborium—both of which are of gold, while the chalice is studded with amethysts and rubies.

—Antonio Bottesina, whose performances on the ponderous double-bass were considered almost as remarkable in their way as the violin playing of Paganini, has just died at Parma, sixty-six years old. He composed several operas, directed the orchestra of the Italian opera at Paris for a while, and subsequently became manager of the Italian opera in Cairo.

—Secretary Blaine is spending $10,000, it is said, in renovating the old Seward house, which he has rented for his home in Washington. The chamber in which Lincoln's Secretary was attacked by assassins would hardly be recognized now. With an adjoining apartment, it has been thrown into a large oblong salon, and beautified by all the latest adornments. The changes in other parts of the house are hardly less radical.

—Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, daughter of ex-Secretary of War Endicott, is said to have made herself the most popular woman the United States has sent to England. She has won every one from the Queen down by her manners and bearing, by her faultless taste in dressing, and by that tact which seems to come so naturally to many American girls.

—Thirty years ago, as some of the residents of Trenton, New Jersey, recall, Prince Murat drove a milk wagon in that town, and was considered a farmer of rather uncertain resources. Few people supposed then that he would ever be restored as a prince of the empire; but time works queer changes, and it is to his son that Miss Gwendoline Caldwell, of this city, is reported to be engaged.

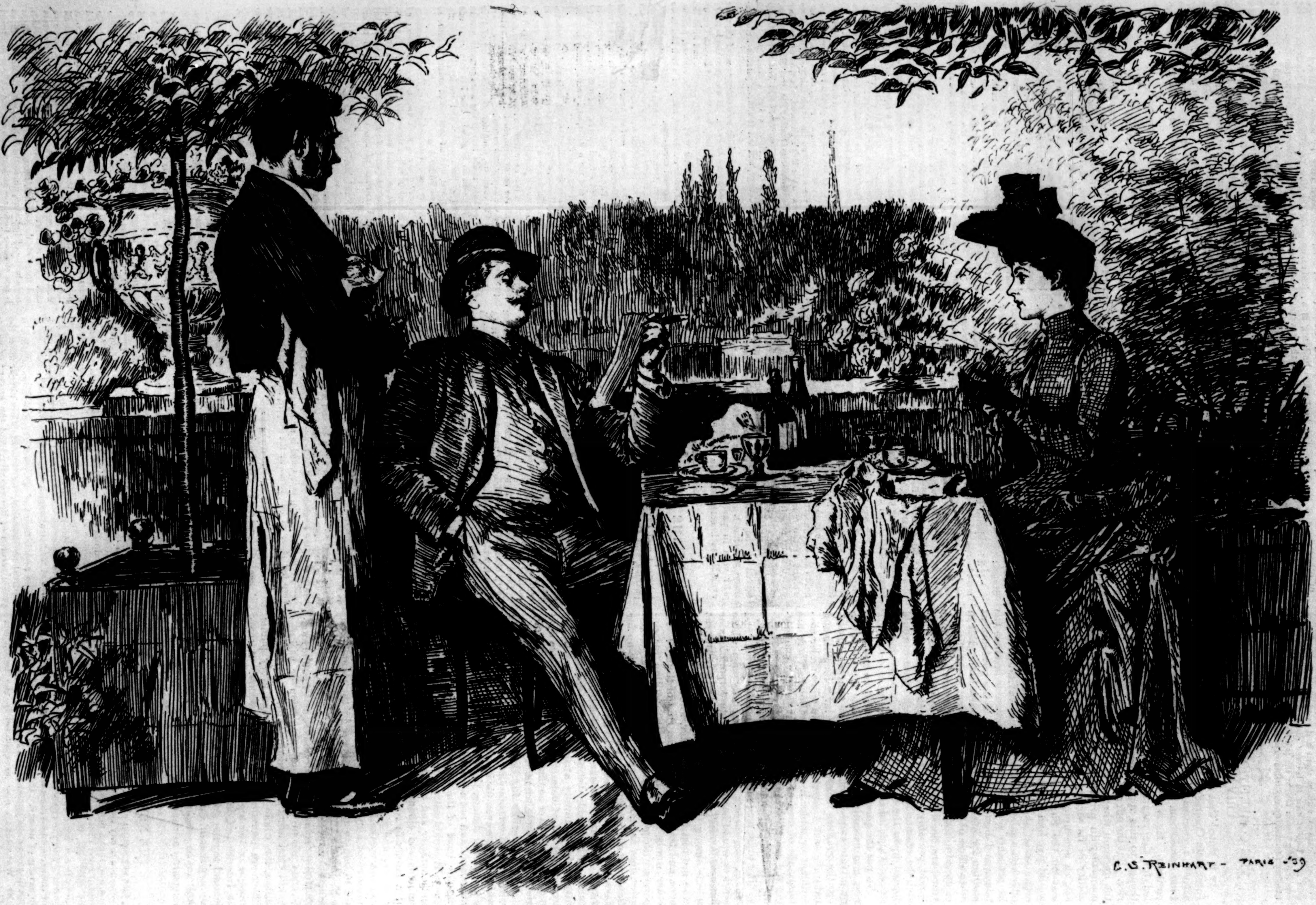
—King Leopold of Belgium is not only the sworn enemy of tobacco, but he is a vegetarian, dislikes music, and is the embodiment of other eccentricities. One of these is an aversion to wearing his hat in the open air, as he believes the action of the wind on his head is beneficial. He is nevertheless a rare linguist, an enthusiastic amateur painter, and a man of strength and character.

—Ralph Thompson, coxswain of the Yale crew for three years, announces that he has retired from boating. He began his career as coxswain at St. Paul's, and has steered ten eight-oared crews to victory.

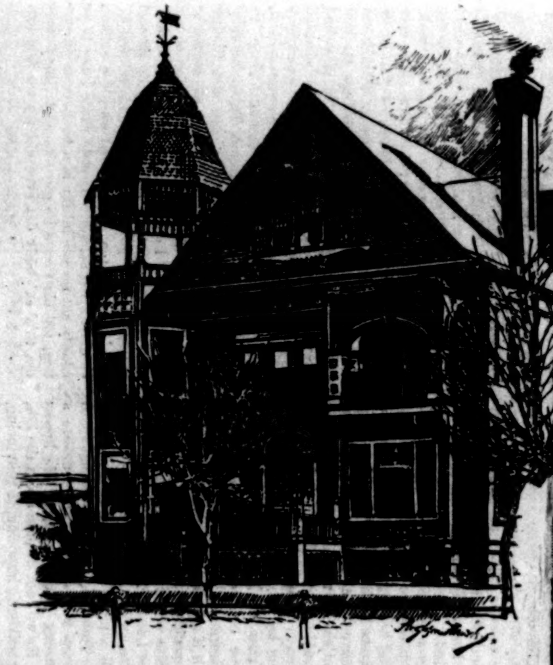
—Judge Patton, of Hicksville, Ohio, is one of the few men living who held office under President Jackson. "Old Hickory" appointed him a United States Court Judge in Pennsylvania many years ago.

—Secretary Tracy has bought himself a fine house in Farragut Square, Washington, which he will entirely remodel before he moves into it. The first thing he will do will be to pull off the Mansard-roof with which it is at present disfigured. It is said that not only are French roofs being left off of new houses in Washington, but that those which already have them are being shorn of the disfigurement, and that cheap stained glass has also had its day at the nation's capital.

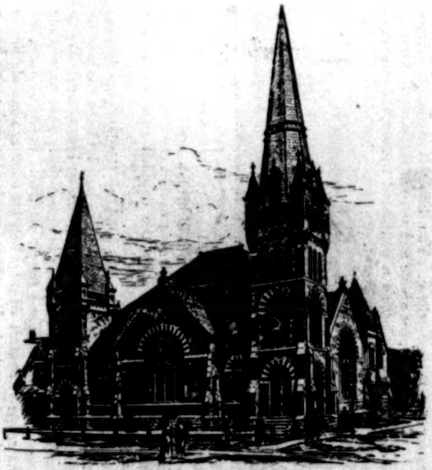
—Mr. Brander Matthews has a collection of dramatic literature which, though small compared to that of some collectors, is made up of very choice volumes. The rarest of these he keeps behind glass doors on velvet-lined shelves, contrary, by-the-way, to a printed statement of his that books, like human beings, need all the light and air they can get. Mr. Matthews lives in a house on East Eighteenth Street, New York, which he bought a few years ago. The middle room on the parlor floor is devoted to his books, and there his desk stands, though in the daytime he writes at a table in the dining-room, where the light is better. Mr. Matthews is one of those fortunate authors who are not obliged to depend upon their work for their bread and butter. Just now play-writing engages the most of his attention. He works in collaboration with Mr. George H. Jessop.


C.S. Reinhart - Paris - '89

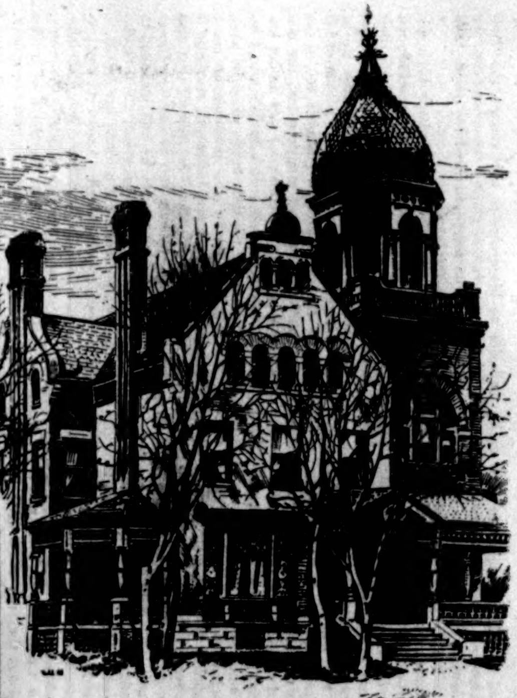
AMERICANS IN PARIS—DINING ON THE SEINE.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 642.]



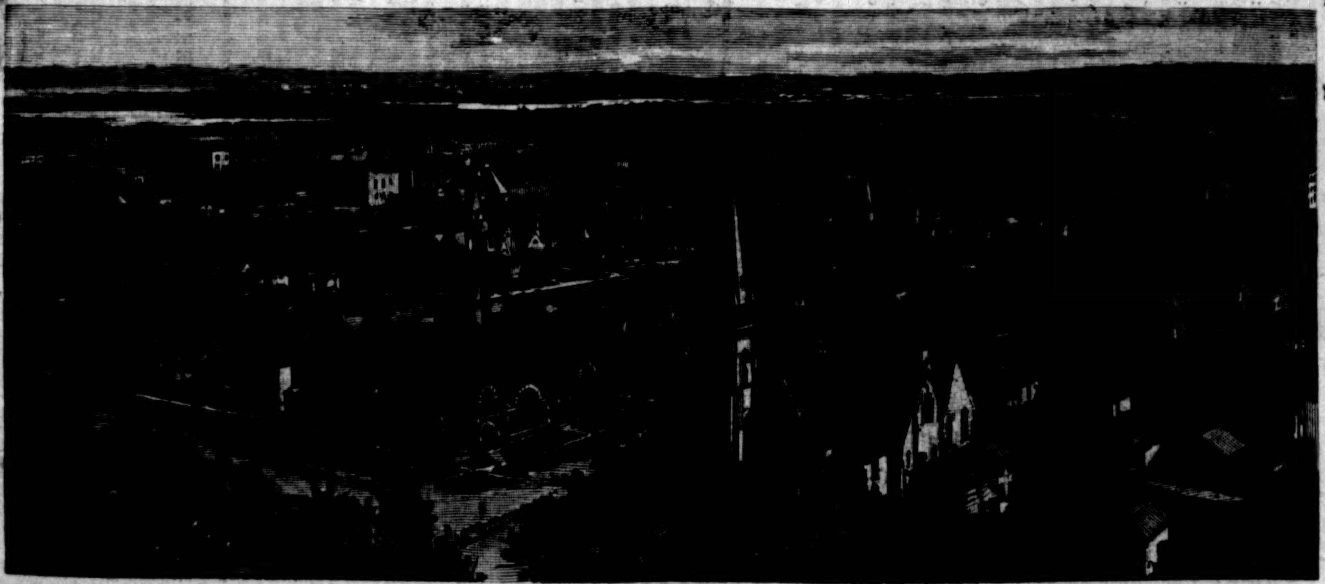
RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN ZEHRUNG.



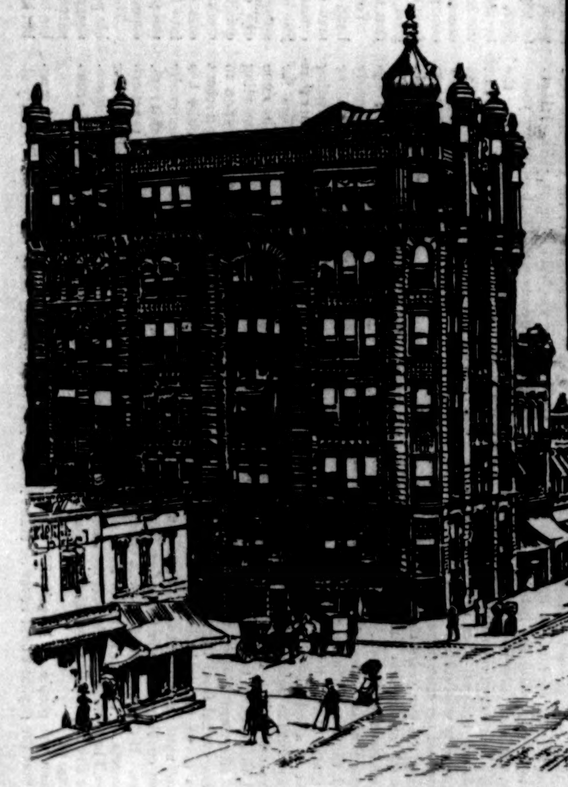
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.



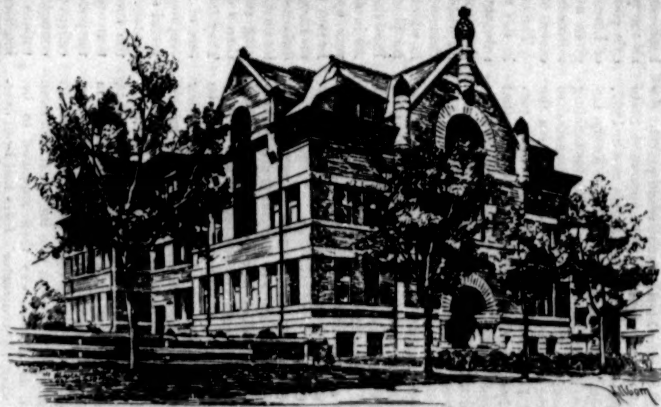
MR. IMHOFF'S HOUSE.



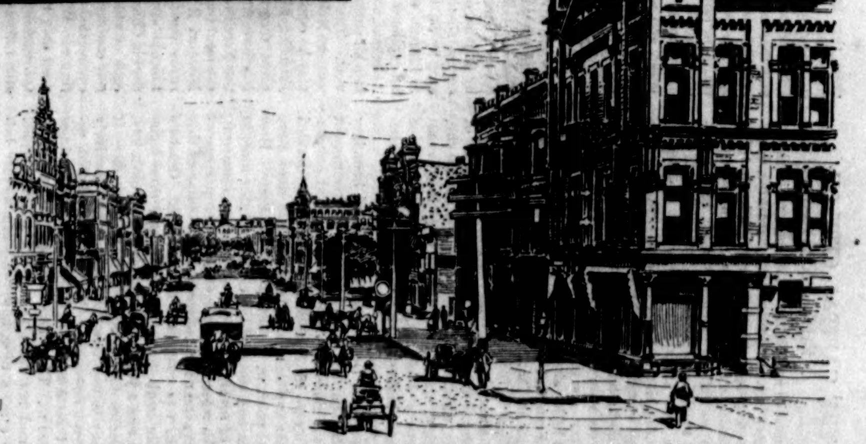
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY.



VIEW IN O STREET.



NEBRASKA HALL, STATE UNIVERSITY.



ELEVENTH STREET, NORTH FROM M STREET.

THE CITY OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.—From Photographs by A. J. Finch, Lincoln, and J. W. Taylor, Chicago.—[See Page 642.]

THE CAPITAL CITY OF NEBRASKA.

If there be any virtue in the modern intellectual theory that early privations, hardships, or obstacles of some sort or other are needed to bring out latent qualities of success in centres of population as well as in men, it must be acknowledged that the capital city of the State of Nebraska was abundantly blessed at the outset. When the city of Lincoln began life it had as working material a resolution of the State Legislature and a lot of obstacles that would have appalled even the most persistent of Western town-builders. As the resolution of the Legislature was of little value unless its provisions providing for the removal of the capital from Omaha to a new site in Lancaster County could be carried into effect by force or strategy, no one will doubt that the working material consisted chiefly of the obstacles. Whether or not the first citizens of Lincoln, which was begun on the new capital site, recognized these obstacles in their intellectual character of blessings, the faithful chroniclers of Nebraska history have not set down with satisfactory clearness.

The city of Omaha, on the eastern boundary of Nebraska, had been the seat of government from the time that there had been any government up to 1867, when the Legislature decided that the capital should be located at some more central point in the interior of the State. How Omaha had retained the capital all this time, in spite of several vigorous attempts to remove it, need be referred to here only for the purpose of showing the nature of some of the obstacles that Lincoln was compelled to overcome. Omaha's favorite method of subduing unruly rural legislators was a judicious presentation of town lots. Legislators did not come high in those days, if one may believe Omaha's exultant but positively indiscreet historians. When bribery failed, various threats and even fisticuffs were sometimes resorted to. These facts I learn from Omaha direct, and not from any of her interior rivals. There came a time, however, when neither bribery nor physical intimidation could prevent the removal of the capital. Duly appointed State Commissioners selected the Lincoln site in 1867, and began the erection of a Capitol. As the Legislature had appropriated no money for building purposes, the Commissioners were compelled to build the Capitol with money derived from the sale of Lincoln town lots. Omaha was so persistently opposed to the capital removal plan that her people declared that, despite the action of the Legislature, the removal should never be made. They were prepared to prevent it by injunctions, or by force, if necessary. During the progress of the preparatory work at Lincoln from 1867 to 1869, stories were frequently circulated that the lot sales had ceased, that work on the new building had been abandoned, and that the capital removal scheme had been given up as hopeless. These stories are supposed to have had their origin in Omaha.

Added to these discouragements were the natural obstacles in the way of erecting a fifty-thousand-dollar building in an open prairie remote from the appliances of civilization and railway transportation. Building material had to be brought long distances by wagon, and all other supplies were taken overland by the same means. As one of the Commissioners recently described it, the Capitol was designed by a "fifth-rate architect out of a job," and an Englishman at that, because no other could be obtained either in Omaha or Chicago. It was with great difficulty, also, that a contractor could be found who would consent to go so far out into the Great American Desert as Lincoln was then supposed to be. Even when the contractor's fears had been overcome and work actually begun, the enterprise was more than once in danger of failure through lack of funds to fulfil the requirements of the contract. The lot sales dragged discouragingly. Buyers arrived at Lincoln in a more or less demoralized condition of mind, according to the distance that they had travelled across the lonesome plains in wagons. A brass band and liberal quantities of patriotic oratory were needed to revive their oozing courage and get them warmed up to that degree of enthusiasm where they would bid actual money for lots with little more than a prospective value. Due credit ought to be given to the brass band, even at this late day, for it roused the reluctant visitors into the making of bids that they were heartily sorry for when their patriotic ardor cooled. Fortunately for the success of Lincoln, the Commissioners were men who would not listen to a repentant bidder. A bid once made could not be withdrawn. This was in the nature of an actual kindness to the bidders, since a year or two later their property was worth in open market at least five hundred per cent. more than they gave for it.

During the two years that the Capitol was in course of construction the enemies of Lincoln kept persistently at work. When at length the time came to make the actual removal the great seal of the State was taken out of Omaha by stealth, and carried by the Secretary of State to Lincoln in a light buggy, thus escaping the injunction that the Omaha people were threatening to serve upon him. So far as Omaha was concerned, this decided the matter of capital removal, but afterward Lincoln was compelled to defend her capital from the schemes of other ambitious towns in the interior of the State. It was not until the present Capitol was built that Lincoln could count upon being free from these attacks. If the intellectual theorist believes that the success of Lincoln is due to these early obstacles, I have merely to add that the true growth of the city began only when its many annoyances had ceased.

When the people of Lincoln felt reasonably sure that the capital would never be taken from them, they turned their energies toward building their city. They were confident that their location was the best in the interior of the State for a large commercial centre and distributing point, and they had hopes that a sufficient number of railroads would come their way to enable them to reach every township of their tributary country. On railroads they built their hopes of future success. With that liberality which is common among the more successful cities of the West, and which, by-the-way, is the most influential town-builder known to modern civilization, the business men and property owners of Lincoln gave substantial bonuses to incoming roads, to the end that in time Lincoln became the recognized railway centre of Nebraska west of the Missouri River. Some of the strongest roads in the West reach Lincoln, and others are expected. The comprehensive Missouri Pacific system, which covers a stretch of country bounded on the north by Omaha, on the west by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the east by St. Louis, has an important branch line to Lincoln, thus enabling Lincoln manufacturers to get hard woods and iron from Missouri and Arkansas, and to send their manufactured product into all parts of Kansas, Colorado, and the Southwest. The Union Pacific gives an easy outlet into western Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana, which may be considered as Lincoln's special field. The Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley Railway gives direct connection with the Chicago and Northwestern system to the lumber districts of the Northwest, and also takes care of much of the local trade of Nebraska. The Burlington and Missouri Railway also comes to Lincoln. Two roads most earnestly wanted by the people of Lincoln are the great Rock Island system and the big Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, each of which ranks with the largest and best in the country. There is said to be a reasonable chance that these two will get to Lincoln in the near future. With all these big lines, the city would need only the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe's far-reaching system to complete the list of available railways west of the Mississippi River. The business men of Lincoln will not be satisfied until all the roads that I have named are carrying Lincoln goods to all parts of the West. The people of Lincoln and Lancaster County combined have given an aggregate of $365,000 as bonuses to railroads. Doubtless they will give more if occasion offers.

The energy that the people showed in bringing in the railroads had an excellent effect on the substantial growth of the city. Visitors saw that the citizens were unusually wide-awake and enterprising, and in time it became known in the East and elsewhere that Lincoln was a good place in which to invest money, and an excellent home for persons desiring to begin life anew. Since 1880 the growth of the city has been remarkable. As in all cities in this part of America, the best year was in 1887, the year of the great boom. In that year the population increased from 29,000 to 43,000. Best of all, the population did not dwindle when the boom ceased, but maintained its own, and actually continued to advance. Visiting strangers saw in Lincoln something more than a commercial city of speculative tendencies. They found in it the foundation and superstructure of the best home life of modern civilization—schools, colleges, churches, and intelligently adjusted society. They foresaw, too, that these advantages were likely to increase and broaden in the future, thus making Lincoln a city of more than ordinary refinement and culture. It has been the policy of Lincoln from the first to provide excellent public schools for her children, and to encourage the building of colleges and other institutions of learning, with the result that the city's intellectual tone is now very clearly marked. The University of Nebraska is one of the best of its kind to be found in the West. Like the city of Lincoln, its progress during the past few years has been worthy of more than passing mention. The recent completion of Nebraska Hall for the industrial department of the university, and the Grant Memorial Hall for use as an armory and drill-room, indicates that the work of the various branches has met with public approval. The present satisfactory condition of the Nebraska Wesleyan University shows well for the energy and earnestness of the Wesleyans in the West. The corner-stone of the university building was laid in September, 1887, and a year later instruction was begun in its large and convenient rooms. The institution is growing steadily in use and influence. The corner-stone of the Christian University building was laid in August, 1888. It is expected that instruction will be begun next year.

In churches, as well as in universities, the building record was unusually good last year. Chief among the improvements were the erection of the new First Baptist Church and the new First Christian Church, at a cost of about $50,000 each. In addition to improvements by other denominations, the Episcopalians built the Church of the Holy Trinity at a cost of $46,000. These various improvements, together with the yearly enlargement of the public-school facilities, show clearly to the careful observer the predominating characteristics of the people. A community that spends hundreds of thousands of dollars for schools, colleges, and churches, and at the same time gives substantial encouragement to incoming railroads, needs little other recommendation to the investor and the home-seeker. During recent years the competition among Western cities has become so keen that the merit of a community is judged by what it does and not by what it says. For the most part, Western people are practical-minded, and in estimating the value of a city for business or residence purposes actual achievements far outweigh the most plausible of promises.

On this basis the steady and substantial progress of Lincoln is easily explained. The city always has had something tangible to show to the inquiring stranger. To the business man seeking a new location she has only to point to her diversified railway systems and her numerous wholesale houses and manufacturing establishments to prove her claim of being the jobbing and trading centre of interior Nebraska; to the retail merchant contemplating a removal from the East she has merely to put in evidence the numbers of men who have grown from comparative poverty to riches in her retail trade; while to convince the home-seeker of her advantages as a place of residence she need do nothing more than call attention to the well-paved, well-lighted streets, the hundreds of handsome private houses, the public-school facilities, the colleges, the well-stocked libraries, the busy churches, the active temperance societies, the enlightened social feeling, and the general interest shown in literature, art, and music.

If the visiting stranger cares to dip into statistics, the people of Lincoln will tell him that during the year 1888 they expended $3,303,668 in various improvements, which, for a city of fifty thousand people, is a remarkably good showing. Of the whole amount, there was spent for public buildings the sum of $395,000; for public improvements, $627,368; for semi-public improvements, $88,500; for railways, $64,950; for business blocks, $459,000; for residences, $1,014,100; for churches, $184,500; for colleges, $156,500; and for factories, $297,500. The public buildings included in the first-named amount were the State Capitol, $225,000; the Lancaster County Court-house, $130,000; and public schools, $40,000. The public improvements consisted of paving, sewering, and increasing the distribution of water. The item for paving alone was $445,168. After several changes and many vexatious delays, the State Capitol has been declared finished. From an architectural point of view it has its defects, but on the whole it is a good serviceable building, well adapted to the purposes for which it was built. It is only fair to explain that the architectural defects are the result of legislative attempts at economy, and not of public taste. When Nebraska finds it necessary to build a new Capitol, she will do better. A much more creditable piece of architecture is the new Lancaster County Court-house, which is now in course of construction. When finished it will be one of the chief ornaments of the State.

As might be expected from the wide-awake character of her people, Lincoln is well supplied with newspapers and periodicals. The *Nebraska State Journal* has been published since 1867, first as a weekly, and later as a morning daily. Like the typical Western journal, its growth has always been a little in advance of the growth of the city, so that now it would do credit to a city nearly twice the size of Lincoln. Its influence, not only in Lincoln, but also in all parts of the State, is unquestioned. The *State Democrat* is always keenly alive to the best interests of Lincoln and her tributary country, and often proves itself a valuable ally to the business men in encouraging the permanent growth of the city. The other daily and weekly publications also show evidences of prosperity and judicious management.

Of the many other things that go to make up the progressive city, but which must necessarily be omitted in an article as restricted in its scope as this one, I need say only that they are in all essential respects fully up to the standard of merit of the most enlightened and enterprising civilization of the West. Lincoln has little that she need be ashamed of in comparison with any city of her size in the country. Her past has been creditable, her present is praiseworthy, and her future may be what her people decide to make it. In the West, more than anywhere else in America, are cities the actual work of man.

William Willard Howard.

DINING ON THE SEINE.

You are forced to begin precisely where Mr. Reinhart leaves off. There is what is called in French *le mauvais quart d'heure*. Rabelais signalizes that as the period of time when the bill for what you have eaten or the wine you have swallowed has to be paid. That distressing "quarter of an hour" belongs evidently to the age of the Renaissance, when Swashbucklers went to taverns and drained their flagons of wine, and when the host brought the score, were inclined to pay the same with sword stroke and dagger push. We are more civilized to-day. As can be seen, the gentleman has dined, and he knows the lay of the land. He has had many experiences of this kind. The bill is to be scrutinized only perhaps as a matter of form. He is indifferent as to the cost, provided the dinner was good, and his and her satisfied airs are indicative that the cook knew his business.

You will observe the characteristic pose of the hand in the gentleman's trousers pocket. A woman (and the wife has dined) under these circumstances always assumes a critical manner. She is buttoning her glove, and she stops for a second that serious work, and her expression—one of supreme contentment—is a trifle inquisitive. "George, is that bill right? Now don't you pay it if it is not." Just as if she could cast up the puzzling centimes and fetch them into francs. She would be amazed, perhaps, at the price of the Léoville, which is her husband's especial favorite.

The waiter is a picture. There is high art in his portrayal. Those few bristly hairs that stand shaggy like from his pent eyebrows denote a garçon with strong characteristics. He knows his business. He will not dispute about the bill, but his manner will be so imposing, so convincing, all due to his eyebrows, that though the "addition" were full of glaring inconsistencies, the diner would be forced to yield the points, and what is more, the francs.

"Have not monsieur and madame been admirably served? Was not the wine perfect, and at just the proper temperature? Had he, their humble servant, not thrown all his skill in the adjustment of the salad? The common tip of even a franc could be nothing to a man of his parts." He was appreciative at once, too, of the easy, nonchalant way of monsieur and the elegance and pose of madame; for had he not unbent that eyebrow and been a guileless and innocent waiter for the time being when he said, "We are honored by the presence of many American gentlemen and ladies this year, and it is a delight to serve them"? And all that nice cajolery was hardly balanced by the four francs seventy-five centimes extra he had managed to put into the bill. Conscience had alone forbidden that waiter making it a round five francs.

Yet they have dined well. Each dish was perfect. The sole à la Normandie was exquisite. There was a poulet au blanc which was supreme, and something with just a suspicion of truffles in it, à la Provençal, which capped the climax. Then the coffee and the little glass of brandy settled the repast so comfortably! With the man, the cigar, showing that some half-inch only of it had been consumed, assures us of the perfect success of the dinner.

The selection of a place by that restaurateur has been made with admirable judgment. The Japanese know some little, but the Frenchman more. It is on the banks of the Seine, and tables have been spread under the shade. There are orange-trees in wooden boxes and lilac bushes in great tubs, and just over the wall there is to be had a glimpse of the Seine.

The Seine has charms of its own best described by calling it an indolent yet graceful stream, "careless of its reaching its destination." Nature made that river for the peculiar delectation of the Parisian, and placed it in the most beautiful of settings. Down to its brink lay now green meadows, or it runs through hilly woods, and winds past villas and palaces. The Seine, indifferent to the bull, is the Parisian's aquatic playground. Have the two dined at Passy, Auteuil, St. Cloud, Billancourt, Sceaux? It makes no matter where. You know it is not far from Paris, for above and beyond the wooded distance shoots up, as a dentilated tracery, the ever-constant Eiffel Tower.

TUBAL THE FIDDLER.

"You ain' never hearn 'bout we-all's Tubal? I thought ev'ybody in de State uv Virginny had done heah 'bout Tubal de fiddler."

Outside the cabin door the sun of May shone bright, beautiful, intoxicating. The old negro held his ragged hat in his lap, and sat on the corner of the bench that caught the full glare of the sun, unvexed by the dappled shadows of the black-leaved poplars.

"Tubal he *wuz* a fiddler, Gordamighty knows. Nobody never did know how he learn ter play de fiddle. Hit mus' er come ter him natchel, like de way de bees sing in clover-time, 'kase one day ole marse gone ter git he fiddle outen de case, an' 'twarn't dyar! You jes oughter heah ole marse sw'ar! He allers could cuss an' sw'ar like a gentmun; an' ef he didn' fyar, smoke, an' sizzle dat day dis nigger is a liar. All day long ole marse he r'ar an' pitch. But when de han's come in at sundown, Yaller Josh, de hademan, he brung Tubal 'long todes de house. Josh he hol' little Tubal by de collar, an' Tubal he walk 'long, playin' de fiddle, an' he never stop. Josh he haul Tubal up 'fo' ole marse, settin' on de po'ch, an' it tu'n out dat little coon Tubal had been settin' 'hine de straw-stacks all day long learnin' ter play on ole marse's fiddle. He had done tooken it. 'Fo' ole marse could git he bref ter bawl out, Tubal he say, 'Marster, please, sir; jes listen, sir;' an' he strike up 'Forked Deer,' an' he play de same ez any morkin* singin'. Old marse he jes set dyar an' styar at de boy. Den Tubal he teched up 'Snow-bird on de Ash-bank,' an' he 'gin ter shuffle he foots on de po'ch, while ole marse he beat de flo' wid he stick; but when Tubal come ter play 'Kiss me sweetly,' he back-step all de time he playin' it; an' fust thing we all see ole marse he jump up an' start ter footin' it, doin' de back-step, double-shuffle, cut de pigeon-wing, an' ev'ything—he an' Tubal jes dancin' a reg'lar breakdown twell de po'ch rattle.

"'Twuz a sight, I tell you, wid Tubal sawin' de bow, an' he an' ole marse, bofe on 'em, whackin' de groun'. Den ole marse he tooken de fiddle an' *he* play, an' Tubal *he* dance, an' dyar dey wuz!

"Arter dat, ole marse buy Tubal a fiddle fer hisse'f, an' Tubal he never do no mo' wuk, 'scusin' 'twuz wid de fiddle an' de bow. He never wuk in de crap. He make 'tense he wait in de house; but Unc' Daniel, dat wuz de dinin'-room servant, he say Tubal warn' no mo' use ter him dan de fiddle wuz. In dem times, 'fo' de cullud folks wuz free an' enlightenment, 'twarn' counted no sin fer ter play on de fiddle. Now de niggers know de devil is a fiddler, an', consequenchical, de chu'ch members doan play on nuttin', 'cep' 'tis de 'corjion. But ez fer 'ligion, Tubal he didn' have none. Oncet, when ev'y nigger on de Shelter plantation wuz seekin', 'cep' Tubal, ole marse he beller, 'You kin all git jes ez much 'ligion ez you kin tote, but ef I cotch dat fiddlin' Tubal seekin' an' cryin' an' prayin', I lay I'll wallop de gorspel outen him 'fo' he knows it, gentul an' quick.' An' he would, too. But Tubal warn't a seeker, er even a backslider. Den de white folks in de county got ter sen'in' fer him ter play at de parties, an' ole marse he gin him a ole jinny mule dat th'o' ev'ybody dat ever did try ter ride her.

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* Mocking-bird.

Tubal he sot on dat jinny mule jes a-hol'in' on by he knees, wid he fiddle under he chin, an' he play 'Billy in de Lowgrounds' fer life. Jinny didn' know what ter make er dat; so she ciphered it out, an' say ter herse'f: 'Dis heah nigger mus' be Cun'l Boswell's Tubal. 'Tain't wuff while ter wrastle wid dat nigger.' An' she didn'. Ole marse he wuz a widower, an' he had done los' bofe he chillen, but he had two gran'sons—Marse Jack Boswell an' Marse Page Carter—dat live at de Shelter, an' wuz gwi' git all ole marse lan' an' niggers. I doan know how 'twuz, but Tubal an' all de black folks got de notion dat he wuz gwi' b'long ter Marse Page when ole marse die an' de niggers wuz 'vided out. Tubal sutny did love Marse Page, an' track him same like a dog. Dey allers got in mischief toge'er; an' Marse Page take a whuppin' fer hisse'f, but he allers try an' baig Tubal off.

"Ole marse he wuz mighty cur'us 'bout some things. He want jes three hunderd niggers—no mo' 'n' no less. Sometimes de black folks teck ter dyin', an' he git down ter two hunderd an' ninety odd. Ole marse he groan an' moan, an' say he cyarn wuk de Shelter plantation wid less 'n three hunderd niggers, an' ef dey keep on dyin' in dis infernal discontemptuous way, he gwi' be a bankrup'. Den, fust thing, de black babies would come like de blackberries on de bushes, an' maybe he have three hunderd an' fifteen. Den ole marse would cuss twell you see de brimstone in de a'r, an' say dat de Shelter place cyarn s'pport mo' 'n three hunderd niggers nohow, an' ef dey keep on gittin' born, de owdacious niggers would ruin him.

"He wuz allers gwi co'tin', but he never did. He say de plantation want a mistis an' somebody ter look arter de two boys; but he couldn' go co'tin' in summer, 'kase he had ter go to de Springs; an' in de fall, wid de sellin' uv de craps, an' de fallowin' fer wheat, an' de 'lection, he didn' have no time; an' in de winter he had de rheumertiz; an' he 'low dat co'tin' never did 'gree wid him in de spring uv de year. Miss Patty Corbin she wait fer him fo'teen year, an' den she sen' him word 'twuz den er never. Ole marse he sen' her back word 'twuz never, 'kase he didn' like ter be hurried in he 'rangements. So he didn' never got married; an' when he die he jes leave all he property ter be 'vided out 'tween Marse Jack an' Marse Page, 'cep' he lef' Marse Page he silver watch. Ole marse tho't a sight er dat watch. He wouldn' never let no watchmaker tech it, fer he feard he mought spile it; an' when it got wrong, he jes take a feather an' some lard an' grease it hisse'f, an' den 'twuz all right ag'in.

"Well, all de black folks like Marse Page de bes', an' all on 'em want ter 'long ter him. Marse Jack he mighty quarrelsome an' 'sputifyin' 'bout things, an' he say he want Tubal de fiddler. Tubal he fall down on he knees 'fo' Marse Page an' baig dat Marse Page take him; but Marse Page he had done ask fer Mam' Betsy—dat wuz de mammy uv bofe de boys—an' Marse Jack say he 'titled ter Tubal. Marse Page he offer ter buy Tubal right outen; but Marse Jack say no, Tubal wuz de bes' fiddler in de county, an' *he* want him. So Tubal had ter go wid Marse Jack; but Tubal he say to we-all, mighty solemn like: 'Marse Jack think he gwi' git a first-class fiddler. I sw'ar I ain' never gwi' draw dat bow ez long ez I is Marse Jack's nigger. I done sw'ar it, an' I done make a cross in de ashes 'fo' I sw'ar.'

"Naix thing we heah, Marse Jack he gwi' move ter de upper country, whar dey doan' have no oshters er crabs er nuttin' fer ter eat—an' sho' 'nuff 'twuz so.

"I never will furgit de day dey all lef'. Dey wuz wagons fur all de women an' de chillen an' de sick folks an' de ole folks, an' de men dey walk. Tubal wuz dyar on de jinny mule, but he didn' have no fiddle. Marse Page come ter tell 'em good-by. De black folks cry an' pray an' sing, same like 'twuz a baptizin', twell Marse Page he tooken out he white hankercher an' he cry too. Tubal he hol' on ter Marse Page, an' ax Gord ter bless him, an' ax him ef he 'member when dey useter go fishin' toge'er, an' Marse Page tyar he Sunday jacket, so Mam' Betsy have ter give it ter Tubal—he allus like brass buttons—an' Marse Page tell him he ain' never gwi' furgit he faithful Tubal, an' lars' thing Tubal say ter we-all er cryin' wuz, 'I ain' gwi' tech dat fiddle, I ain' gwi' tech dat bow, ez long ez I b'long ter Marse Jack Boswell.' An' he didn'.

"De years an' de years pass on. We done hear dat Marse Jack he try ter make Tubal play when he got him up de country, but Tubal he doan' play. Marse Jack den put him in de corn fiel', an' Tubal he han's jes es sof' ez Marse Jack's hisse'f; he have ter hoe de row, but he doan' play de fiddle. Marse Jack he tell him ef he will play de fiddle he kin hire out ter play at de parties, an' make a heap uv money. Tubal he 'low steadfas' he ain' never gwi' play no mo'. But de niggers say dat in de night-time Tubal he git up an' go 'way in de woods, whar he had done hide de fiddle, an' he play twell mos' mornin'. De folks gwi' 'long thu de woods moonlight nights hear de soun's floatin' by, an' dey git skeered an' run, an' say 'tis evils 'broad; but nobody never tole Marse Jack. He an' Marse Page didn' have nuttin' 'tall ter do wid each urr arter dey fell out 'bout Tubal. Bofe on 'em got married, an' Marse Page wife die soon, an' lef' him er little gal. She growed up mighty putty, wid gray eyes, sorter like partridge eyes, an' she wuz slim an' slight. Marse Page he live on at de Shelter, but he warn' like ole marse. He wuz sof'-spoken, an' he read books, an' he never talk 'bout goin' co'tin' no mo', an' he wuz de best marster in de county. He wuz mighty fond o' Miss Letty, an' useter say, 'Dat little gray-eyed gal *she* got er sperrit.'

"Well, arter a while de Rebellion broke out at de Norf, an' Marse Page he raise a cump'ny an' went ter de war. He sont Miss Letty off ter school, an' de niggers jes stay on de plantation an' work under de overseer. But it didn' seem like nuttin' prosper no mo'. De craps warn' no 'count—de wheat allers had de rus' an' de corn warn' nuttin' but nubbins, an' de line fence cotch fire an' bu'n up mos' all de fencin' on de place, an' a storm come an' to' down mo'n haif de house; an' when Marse Page an' Miss Letty come back arter de war, de niggers wuz free, an' t' wasn' nuttin' lef' but de lan'. But Marse Page wuz a gentmun, an' he couldn' live no way 'cep' de quality way, an' co'se he had ter borry money fer ter do it; 'sides dat, he had done los' he right arm in de war. So fer a year er two things wuz putty much like dey wuz 'fo' de war: Miss Letty had her piany an' her hoss, an' marse he cigars an' he silk stockin's an' sech.

"One de fust things dat happen arter de war wuz one day when Marse Page wuz settin' on de po'ch in ole marse' cheer. He look up, an' dyar, stan'in' on de gravel parf, wuz a ole man on a jinny mule, an' he had er fiddle under he arm, an' widout sayin' er word he 'gin ter tune up dat fiddle, an' he start ter play 'Kiss me sweetly.' Marse Page he sot right still, an' de tears rain down he face, an' den de nigger man he hop off'n de jinny mule, an' he come up de steps, an' he say, 'Marse Page, I is a free man now, an' I come fer ter be yo' nigger oncet mo'.'

"Marse Page he call out fer Miss Letty, an' she come flyin', an' 'fo' her par could say a word she say, 'Why, it's Uncle Tubal.' She ain' never seen Tubal, but she hearn 'bout him; and den he kiss her little han', an' Marse Page had he liquor case fotch out, an' he an' Tubal drink ter ole times, an' Tubal he fyar make de fiddle talk. Arterward Tubal he go right back in he ole house he had lived in in ole marse' time. Tubal didn' have no wife er chillen; he say he fiddle were all de wife he want; an' he go back ter de ole ways. No mo' hoein' an' wukkin' for Tubal; he jes sot an' play de fiddle all day.

"Dis heah way went on fer a while, an' mought er gone on twell now, but all de po' white trash dat Marse Page had intrusted wid de mortgage on de Shelter speck him ter pay de money back, an' co'se Marse Page didn' have it; ef he had had it, he wouldn' er borried de money nohow. An', ef you will b'lieve dis nigger, dem low-down white folks make Marse Page pay all he debts fur ez he could, an' de place wuz sol', an' de black folks went off, an' Marse Page an' Miss Letty had ter go an' live in de overseer's house. It didn' have but fo' rooms. Tubal he went wid 'em, an' he wuk de bes' he kin, but Tubal warn' no wukker natchel. Marse Page couldn' do nuttin', 'kase he didn' have but one arm, an' bimeby times got wuss an' wusser, an' hard an' harder, an' Miss Letty—she had a fine eddication—she had ter go 'way an' teach school, an' leave Tubal ter take keer uv Marse Page.

"Now Tubal he useter hoe in de gyardin an' keep things goin', but de onlies way he could git money wuz by fiddlin'. Marse Page he do widout all he could, but he wuz er gentmun, an' he couldn' do widout much, an' Miss Letty she sent him all she make. An' den one night he wuz tooken sick an' had a stroke uv paradise. He couldn' move, an' he couldn' hardly talk, but he call Tubal ter de baidside, an' he say, 'Remember, boy, not a word of this to your Miss Letty.' You see, Marse Page didn' have no right arm, an' he couldn' wrote wid he lef', an' Tubal had 'rections fum Miss Letty dat ev'y week he wuz ter git somebody ter write ter her an' tell her 'bout Marse Page, an' she keep on sen'in' him her money, but dat wouldn' been 'nough arter Marse Page got he stroke uv paradise, ef it hadn' been fer Tubal's fiddlin'. 'Bout dat time some Yankee orficers come down dyar projeckin' 'bout inginairin'; dey wuz inginairs. Dey camp out in de woods, an' Tubal useter go over ter de camp an' play fer 'em, an' come back wid er greenback in he pocket. Marse Page by dat time didn' know nuttin' hardly. He jes lay dyar an' suffer an' groan. Out at de camp dey wuz a orficer—a Cap'n—dat wuz mighty gin'rous ter Tubal, an' Tubal ax him ef he write a letter fer him ter Miss Letty. De Cap'n 'gree, an' ev'y week Tubal go over an' git dat Cap'n ter write. He warn' so ole, and he were a gentmun as wuz a gentmun, ef he didn' have no niggers 'fo' de war, an' had ter have low-down white folks ter black he boots an' bresh he close. All de time Tubal wuz tellin' de Cap'n what ter write, de Cap'n wuz larfin' ter hisse'f, an' presny he look kinder pitiful. Tubal's letters wuz mighty cur'us. Fust he tell de Cap'n ter write dat all de quality in de county come ev'y day ter 'quire arter Marse Page. 'Twuz a lie, an' Tubal say so: 'Co'se dat's a lie, Cap'n,' he say. 'Seem like de quality folks has clean forgot how Marse Page useter live at de Shelter 'fo' de war, wid thirty hosses in de stalls, an' cump'ny all de time, an' champagne like water outen de spring. But I cyarn let Miss Letty know dat.' Den he tell him ter wrote, Marse Page wuz so spry, an' he so intrusted in her letters, an' didn' want no mo' uv her money; an' ev'ybody know Marse Page 'ain' been able ter read hardly sence Miss Letty went away. De Cap'n wroten it all; an' he gin Tubal a greenback mos' ev'y time he see him, an' sen' Marse Page some brandy like he been useter, an' tell Tubal ef he want nuttin' ter come ter him.

"One night de Cap'n wuz settin' in he tent readin', an' Tubal sneak in, lookin' sorter queer. He say in a whisper: 'Cap'n, Marse Page is 'mos' gone. He callin' fer Miss Letty, an' you mus' wrote Miss Letty fer me, an' tell her, fer Gord A'mighty's sake, ter come home ez quick ez she kin.' De Cap'n he wroten it right away, an' he tole her all 'bout de boats, an' how she wuz ter make corrections wid de kyars, an' could git here by Sadday. An' Tubal he never lef' Marse Page night er day.

"Well, dat naix Friday night, when de boat stop at de landin', off step Miss Letty: she had done make de corrections, an' got here 'fo' dey speck her. T' warn' nobody at de wharf ter meet her, but de Cap'n wuz dyar wid he orderly, an' when he see Miss Letty so pale an' putty an' distrussful, he went up to her an' injuced hisse'f, an' ax ef he could be uv any resistance ter her. Miss Letty she toss her hade, an' look him all over wid dem gray eyes o' hern; she didn' like no sort o' Yankees, an' he had he uniform on; but he wuz so perlite an' respectious, an' he hol' he cap in he han' all de time, dat presny Miss Letty kinder softened. An' when he tole her he had done wroten de letters fer Tubal, an' he hope she doan fin' her father ez bad ez she speckted ter fin' him, Miss Letty jes broke down, an' cry fit ter break her heart. De Cap'n tu'n away, an' didn' notice her twell she had got th'u' cryin', an' den he come back an' bow like a gentmun, an' tole her he mus' take keer on her home, dat he horse 'ain' never had de honor uv kyar'in' a lady, but he know she ain' 'feerd, an' kin ride on he on any saddle. Den Miss Letty smile a little bit, an' de orderly—mighty po' white trash he were—brung up de hosses, an' de Cap'n swung Miss Letty on he own hoss—a scrimptious bay hoss with black mane an' tail—an' de hoss fret little bit; but Miss Letty she sot him, an' de Cap'n he smile, an' say she kin ride like a soldier. Den he got on de orderly hoss, an' off dey went.

"'Twuz fo' miles ter de overseer's house, an' when de Cap'n lef' her at de do', he tell her de camp warn' mo'n harf mile away, an' ef she want any help, he hope she would treat 'em like frien's 'stid uv enemies, an' Miss Letty she promise she would.

"Marse Page didn' live a week arter Miss Letty got dyar. She foun' out dat de quality folks had sorter neglec' him, an' she wuz so proud and haughtical she wouldn' sen' fer none on 'em; an' Tubal say he doan know what she would er done ef it hadn't been fur de Cap'n. Co'se, arter Marse Page done dade, all de folks pay him deir respec's, an' heap on 'em come ter see ef dey couldn' do nuttin' fer him—arter he wuz laid out. But Miss Letty say no, she thank 'em; dey couldn' do nuttin' 'tall. De funeral wuz mons'ous big. Miss Letty she walk by herse'f 'hine de coffin, an' Tubal he walk right 'hine Miss Letty. De Cap'n wuz dyar too.

"Miss Letty, arter de buryin', she settle down quiet at de overseer's house wid a po' relation dat come fum somewhar, an' fur two or three weeks she didn' do nuttin' but set an' look at de fire an' go ev'y evenin' an' stan' by Marse Page grave. Den she 'gin ter ax Tubal 'bout things, an' Tubal tole her how kin' de Cap'n had been, an' sen' Marse Page brandy an' things, an' come ev'y day ter see ef he couldn' do sumpin' fer him—an' all dis heah 'fo' Marse Page wuz laid out—an' how he had done see 'bout de coffin, an' had tole Tubal what wuz fitten ter do. De Cap'n didn' call ter see her, but ev'y day er two he sen' de orderly ter ax how she do, wid de Cap'n's compliments, an' sometimes he sen' her er basket er grapes or er bokay. Miss Letty she wroten him er little note an' ax him ter come an' receive her thanks in pusson, an' he come. Tubal say it discomfuse him ter have Miss Letty seein' cump'ny in dat dyar ole overseer's house, but she wuz fust quality, jes de same ez ef she wuz at de Shelter in de ole time. Naix day Miss Patty Corbin, dat wait fo'teen year ter git ole marse, come in her gre't big kerridge ter quile wid Miss Letty fer receivin' Yankee orficers.

"'De bes' people in de county doan countenance it,' she say.

"'Very well,' answer Miss Letty, wid her cheeks afire, 'it seems they didn't countenance my poor father much after he left the Shelter; but this Yankee orficer *he* countenance my father when he was ill an' poor an' want frien's—and, Miss Patty,' she say, wid her eyes blazin', 'it's a subject I won't have mentioned to me again—please understand—an' I wish you good-morning.' Miss Patty she flounce out ter her gre't big kerridge in a huff, an' Miss Letty she walk back inter de overseer's house like it wuz a palace, an' she wuz a queen.

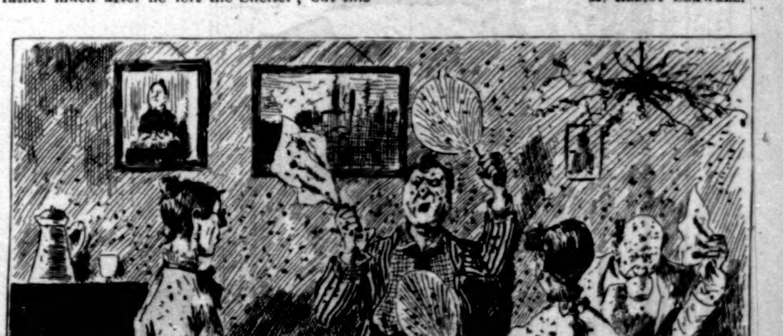
"Tubal he meet de Cap'n on de road dat very day, an' tole him de whole contention. De Cap'n grin when Tubal tole him de way Miss Letty sen' Miss Patty off, same like she wuz shoot out uv a gun.

"Naix Sunday, at chu'ch, Miss Letty see de Cap'n comin' in jes ez she wuz; an' she wait fer him, an' smile, an' ax him inter her pew, an' let him walk up de aisle 'longside o' her. Dey sutny wuz a han'some couple—she look so putty in her black frock, an' he wuz jes ez straight as a Injun.

"Arter chu'ch, 'stid o' folks stoppin' ter speak wid Miss Letty, dey jes went by her wid a nod an' a scowl. Miss Letty she had a sperrit, ez Marse Page say; she smile an' keep on talkin' wid de Cap'n, an' let him walk home wid her. Tubal he had done gone in de woods ter play de fiddle—'kase dat sinner acshilly play de fiddle Sunday same ez week-days—he seen 'em walkin' 'long home, an' he see de Cap'n when he tooken Miss Letty han' an' say, 'Can you bear that treatment fer me?' An' Miss Letty she say, 'Yes, and a great deal more.' Ef you will believe dis nigger, Miss Letty she marry dat Cap'n! She did, fer a fac'! She married him, sartin an' sho! She marry him 'fo' de summer wuz out. Dey went away, an' dey want ter take Tubal wid 'em, but Tubal he say naw, he cyarn leave Marse Page all by hisse'f in de graveyard, an' ef he could jes live on at de overseer's house, an' had he fiddle an' sumpin' ter eat, he wuz all right. Miss Letty fix fer him ter stay, an' de' wuz a little gyarden patch fer him; but Tubal he warn' never no 'count ter wuk; he wuz too much uv a artis', de Cap'n say. So arter dey wuz married an' gone, Tubal useter take he fiddle an' go an' set in de sun by Marse Page grave, an' play ter him, an' dat nigger had de s'prisin' owdaciousness ter play hymn tunes on de fiddle, like 'Roll, Jordan, Roll,' an' 'Dem Golden Slippers.' Dem wuz fer hisse'f, he say, but de reels an' jigs wuz fer Marse Page, 'kase he allers like dat sort o' music. An' it seem ter me like Tubal play mo' like de birds ev'y day; when he play a reel, it wuz like de win' sweepin' ober de wheat fiel', er de water in de mill-race po'in' ober de dam. Dat wuz in de fall; 'bout todes winter Tubal cotch de rheumertiz, an' he couldn' git outen de house, an' he finger-j'ints got kinder rusty, an' he couldn' play no mo'. It sutny wuz pitiful ter see him settin' wid de fiddle on he knee an' he cyarn play it. He wuz mighty po'ly, an' he keep on sayin' he ain' gwi' live long. When de spring come he got outen de house when it was sunshiny, an' he useter creep wid he fiddle ter de graveyard, but he couldn' hardly walk. An' one day we had done miss him, but it was sunshiny, so we knowed he wuz somewhar 'bout dat graveyard; we-all went ter look fer him, an' dyar, layin' on Marse Page grave, wuz Tubal wid he fiddle. He wuz done dade.

"He had ax us 'fo' dat ter bury him an' de fiddle close by Marse Page, 'kase Miss Letty had promise him he could be laid in de white folks' buryin'-groun', an' he wuz laid right dyar. He look mighty natchel in de coffin wid he fiddle an' he bow by him. So we-all buried Tubal, an' I 'ain' never see sech a fiddler sence."

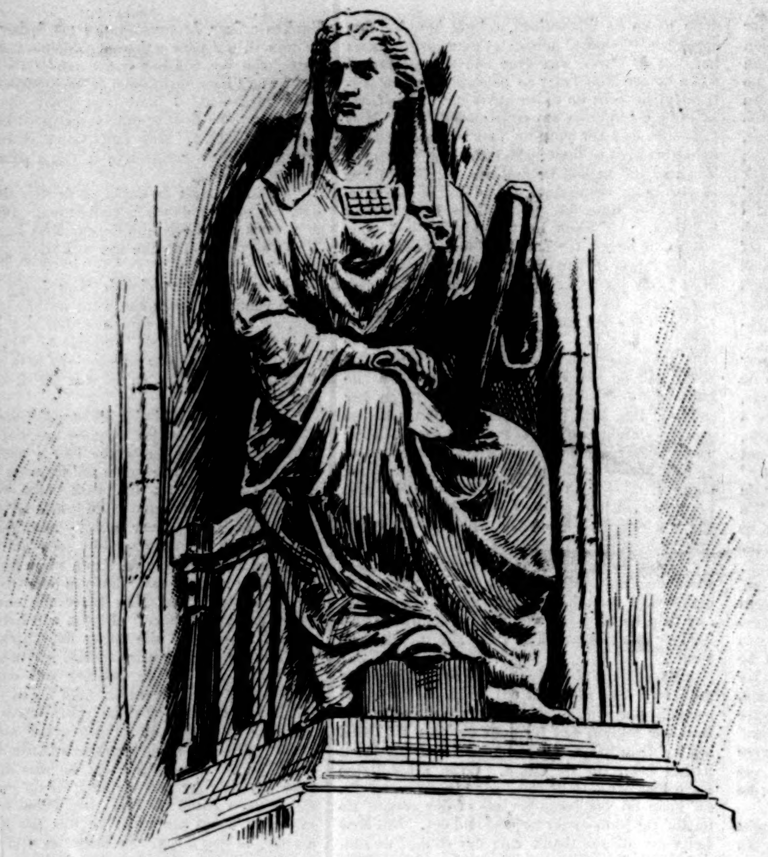
M. Elliot Seawell.



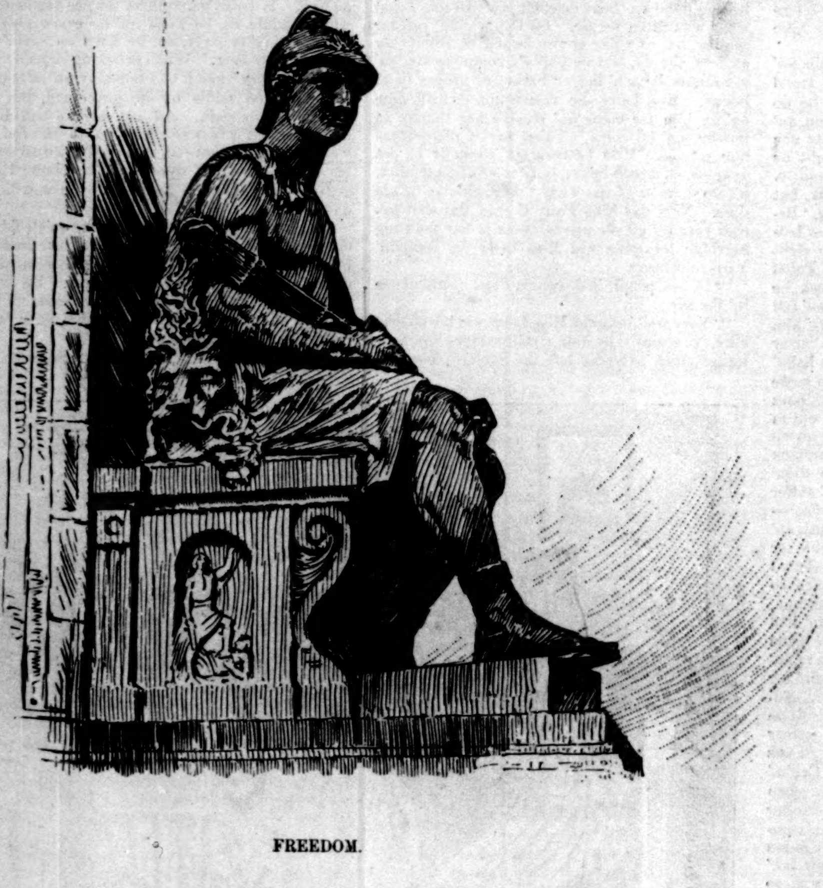
AT THE COUNTRY BOARDING-HOUSE.

Landlady. "Not fond of huckleberry pie, Mr. Smithkins?"

Smithkins. "Yes, ma'm, very; but—shoo!—under the circumstances, I can't tell where the huckleberries begin and the flies leave off."



MORALITY.



FREEDOM.

THE PILGRIM MONUMENT, DEDICATED AT PLYMOUTH, MA

THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.

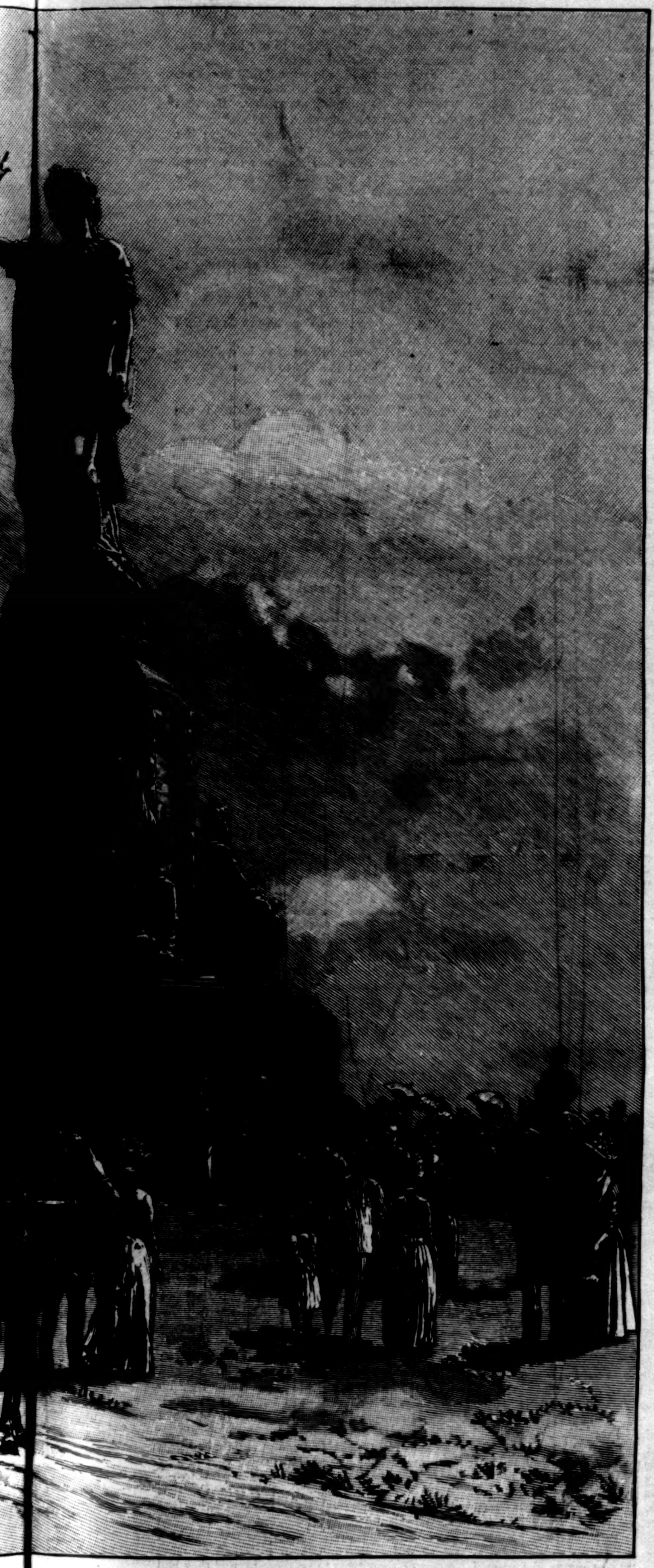
THIRTY-NINE years ago, at the annual meeting of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts, it was determined to commemorate the landing of the forefathers by a monument. Contributions were asked, both of the descendants of those who landed on the "stern and rock-bound coast" and of all who admired their independence and heroism. One of the cleverest men that the cape has produced, Judge Thomas Russell, was then the president of the society, and year after year, at the feasts of the associates, he called the project of the monument to the attention of all who had the pleasure of listening to him. In six years—1859—the corner-stone of the monument was laid, and on the first of this month, thirty years afterward, the completed monument was dedicated. Thirty years ago Nathaniel P. Banks was Governor of the Commonwealth, and he was the principal orator of the first occasion. Sitting with him on the platform were Governors Salmon P. Chase of Ohio and Buckingham of Connecticut, while Mr. William M. Evarts was one of the speakers. The ceremony was the greatest that the cape had then witnessed, but its glories paled before the celebration of August 1st.

After the corner-stone was laid the project languished. The design of the monument was made by Hammatt Billings, whose name recalls the early days of the Plymouth colony. It has been built substantially in accordance with these first plans. A great granite pedestal is surmounted by a sculptured figure of Faith, while at the feet of Faith sit four figures—of Law, Freedom, Education, and Morality. All these are monoliths of granite. They are of immense size, Faith alone measuring thirty-six feet. Between the statues are glass-covered alto-rilievos, representing the embarkation at Delft Haven, the signing of the compact in the *Mayflower's* cabin, the landing of the Pilgrims, and the treaty with Massasoit. Tablets celebrate the virtues of the fathers and of some of their descendants. Models of the design were distributed as incentives to subscriptions, but the money came in very slowly. The Pilgrim Society opened its arms to all the descendants of the men and women who landed on the rock. The sale of certificates of membership brought in money. But it was not until the government took hold of the enterprise that the end began to approach.

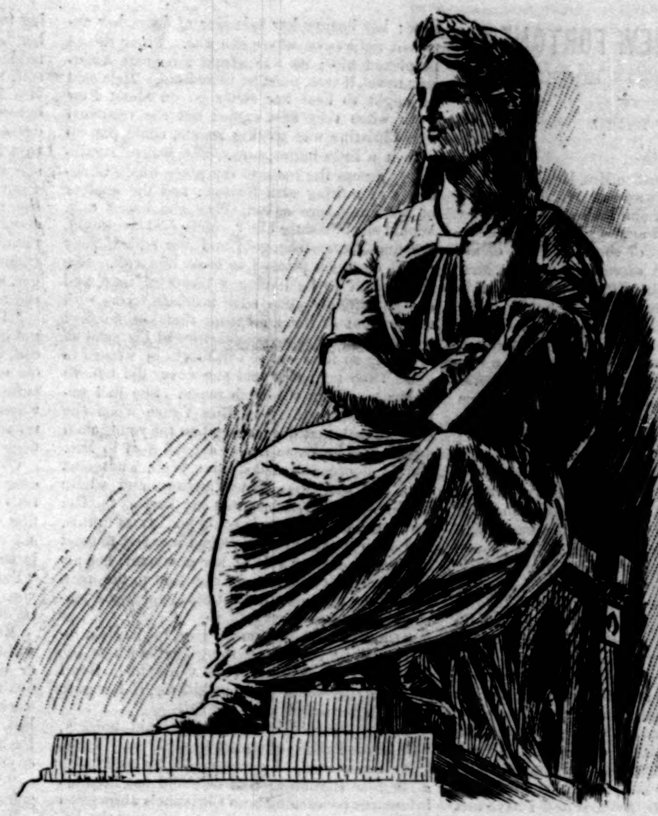
Connecticut, peopled from the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and not from that of Plymouth, gave $10,000 to the society. Massachusetts followed with a like sum. The four statues for the base were put up
the special subscriptions. Through the efforts of ex-Governor Long, wh
was then a member of the House of Representatives, the Federal go
ernment appropriated $15,000 for the statue of Freedom. The cost w
only $13,500, and the difference, $1500, was, again through the effor
of ex-Governor Long, applied to the building of the statue of Law. Th
was undertaken by the lawyers, who were helped, not only by the n
tional government, but by Governor Bodwell, of Maine, who is the hea
of the Hollowell Granite Company, which had the contract for the mon
ment.

The statue of Faith is an immense granite figure of a woman, clad
the feet in Greek drapery. An open Bible is in her left hand, while s
points upward with the index finger of her right hand. The figure w
the gift of Oliver Ames, uncle of the present Governor. It stands up
a piece of Plymouth Rock.

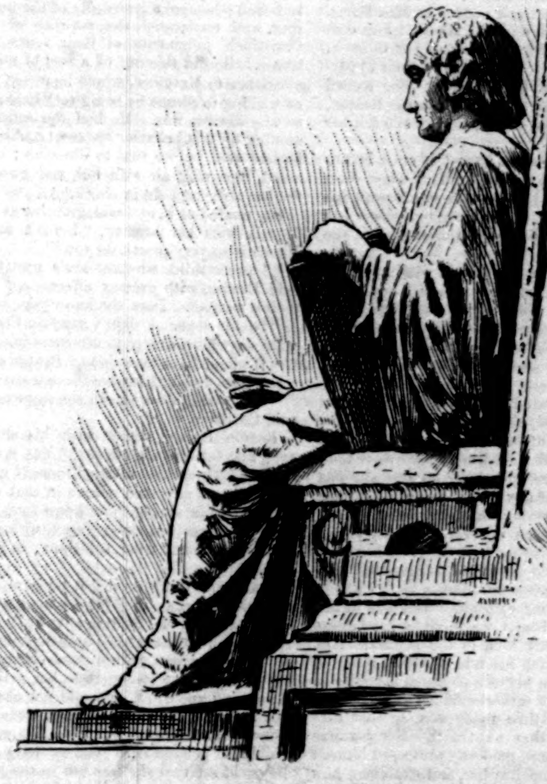
The appropriation made by the State of Massachusetts was expend
for the statue of Morality. It, like the other four figures, is cut from
single stone. A seated woman looks upward to Faith. She holds
one hand the tablet of the decalogue, and in the other the scroll of Re



MA SACHUSETTS, ON AUGUST 1.—From Photographs by Notman, Boston.



EDUCATION.



LAW.

elation. On her breast is the jewel of the Jewish high-priest. On one side of her is a small statue of an evangelist, and on the other side the figure of a prophet. In the end of this buttress is the alto-rilievo representing the departure of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven. This last was the gift of Connecticut.

The statue of Education was the gift of Roland Mather, of Connecticut. A book rests on her left arm, to which she points with the right hand. On the sides of her throne are small statues, representing "Youth Led by Experience" and "Wisdom Ripe with Years." Mr. Mather also gave the accompanying alto-rilievo of the signing of the compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*.

Accompanying the statue of Law, which has the head of Daniel Webster, is the panel of the "Treaty with Massasoit."

Freedom is the sitting figure of an armed man carrying a Roman sword. The small statues represent "Peace" and "Tyranny Overthrown by Freedom," and the alto-rilievo is of the landing of the exploring party from the *Mayflower*.

On August 1st the quaint old town of Plymouth was filled with people anxious to take part in commemorating the tribute of the Pilgrims. Another generation had come upon the field of active life since the laying of the corner-stone. General Banks is here, but he no longer has the fire and vigorous bearing which distinguished him in early life. Judge Russell is dead, and his place at the head of the Pilgrim Society is taken by ex-Governor John D. Long, who presided at the dinner. Massachusetts has taken long strides toward liberality, or else the stock of Pilgrim oratory and poetry is low. The latter evidently is not true, but it is a strange and significant fact, and one that greatly excited the quick Yankee mind, that they were not sons of Pilgrims who pronounced the oration and wrote the poem, but Colonel W. C. P. Breckenridge, ex-Confederate and Kentuckian, was the orator, and John Boyle O'Reilly was the poet. The celebration took place on the 1st of August, because it was "on or about that time" that the Pilgrims sailed from Delft Haven for America. There was a great procession, which wound its way about the streets of the old town. There was military from Boston and the surrounding towns, but the ceremonies of dedication were Masonic, and therefore the Masons were the most conspicuous figures of the procession. There was a dinner at which numerous toasts were drunk and numerous speeches were spoken. Myron W. Whitney, Boston's favorite basso, sang Mrs. Hemans's hymn, "The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast." In the afternoon there was music, and in the evening there were fireworks. It was a great day, and Plymouth worthily celebrated the 269th anniversary of the departure of its founders from Holland.

The monument stands on a hill, and can be seen from far out in the harbor. It is one of the most conspicuous landmarks of Cape Cod, and is a credit to those who have carried out the design. The contributions for its building came from every State in the Union, but by far the larger number of the contributors were Massachusetts people of moderate means. To each who sent to the society money for the monument was given an engraved certificate illustrating the monument very nearly as it stands to-day. These certificates of membership are to be found in nearly every parlor of the cape. Most of the men who organized and planned the monument are dead. Their work has been finished by their successors, but the certificates are often the cherished and living mementos of a little sacrifice made by people who could ill afford to spare the pittance which they contributed. Hammatt Billings, the designer of the monument, died before its completion.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART THIRD.

IX.

THE Dryfooses went late to Mrs. Horn's *musicale* in spite of Mrs. Mandel's advice. Christine made the delay, both because she wished to show Miss Vance that she was not anxious, and because she had some vague notion of the distinction of arriving late at any sort of entertainment. Mrs. Mandel insisted upon the difference between this *musicale* and an ordinary reception; but Christine rather fancied disturbing a company that had got seated, and perhaps making people rise and stand, while she found her way to her place, as she had seen them do for a tardy comer at the theatre.

Mela, whom she did not admit to her reasons or feelings always, followed her with the servile admiration she had for all that Christine did; and she took on trust as somehow successful the result of Christine's obstinacy, when they were allowed to stand against the wall at the back of the room through the whole of the long piece begun just before they came in. There had been no one to receive them; a few people, in the rear rows of chairs near them, turned their heads to glance at them, and then looked away again. Mela had her misgivings; but at the end of the piece, Miss Vance came up to them at once, and then Mela knew that she had her eyes on them all the time, and that Christine must have been right. Christine said nothing about their coming late, and so Mela did not make any excuse, and Miss Vance seemed to expect none. She glanced with a sort of surprise at Conrad, when Christine introduced him; Mela did not know whether she liked their bringing him, till she shook hands with him, and said, "Oh, I am very glad, indeed! Mr. Dryfoos and I have met before." Without explaining where or when, she led them to her aunt and presented them, and then said, "I'm going to put you with some friends of yours," and quickly seated them next the Marches. Mela liked that well enough; she thought she might have some joking with Mr. March, for all his wife was so stiff; but the look which Christine wore seemed to forbid, provisionally at least, any such recreation. On her part, Christine was cool with the Marches. It went through her mind that they must have told Miss Vance they knew her; and perhaps they had boasted of her intimacy. She relaxed a little toward them when she saw Beaton leaning against the wall at the end of the row next Mrs. March. Then she conjectured that he might have told Miss Vance of her acquaintance with the Marches, and she bent forward and nodded to Mrs. March across Conrad, Mela, and Mr. March. She conceived of him as a sort of hand of her father's, but she was willing to take them at their apparent social valuation for the time. She leaned back in her chair, and did not look up at Beaton, after the first furtive glance, though she felt his eyes on her.

The music began again almost at once, before Mela had time to make Conrad tell her where Miss Vance had met him before. She would not have minded interrupting the music; but every one else seemed so attentive, even Christine, that she had not the courage.

The concert went on to an end without realizing for her the ideal of pleasure which one ought to find in society. She was not exacting, but it seemed to her there were very few young men, and when the music was over, and their opportunity came to be sociable, they were not very sociable. They were not introduced, for one thing; but it appeared to Mela that they might have got introduced, if they had any sense; she saw them looking at her, and she was glad she had dressed so much; she was dressed more than any other lady there, and either because she was the most dressed of any person there, or because it had got around who her father was, she felt that she had made an impression on the young men. In her satisfaction with this, and from her good-nature, she was contented to be served with her refreshments after the concert by Mr. March, and to remain joking with him. She was at her ease; she let her hoarse voice out in her largest laugh; she accused him, to the admiration of those near, of getting her into a perfect gale. It appeared to her, in her own pleasure, her mission to illustrate to the rather subdued people about her what a good time really was, so that they could have it if they wanted it. Her joy was crowned when March modestly professed himself unworthy to monopolize her, and explained how selfish he felt in talking to a young lady when there were so many young men dying to do so.

"Oh, pshaw, dyun', yes!" cried Mela, tasting the irony. "I guess I see them!"

He asked if he might really introduce a friend of his to her, and she said, Well, yes, if he thought he could live to get to her; and March brought up a man whom he thought very young and Mela thought very old. He was a contributor to *Every Other Week*, and so March knew him; he believed himself a student of human nature in behalf of literature, and he now set about studying Mela. He tempted her to express her opinion on all points, and he laughed so amiably at the boldness and humorous vigor of her ideas that she was delighted with him. She asked him if he was a New-Yorker by birth; and she told him she pitied him, when he said he had never been West. She professed herself perfectly sick of New York, and urged him to go to Moffitt if he wanted to see a real live town. He wondered if it would do to put her into literature just as she was, with all her slang and brag, but he decided that he would have to subdue her a great deal: he did not see how he could reconcile the facts of her conversation with the facts of her appearance: her beauty, her splendor of dress, her apparent right to be where she was. These things perplexed him; he was afraid the great American novel, if true, must be incredible. Mela said he ought to hear her sister go on about New York when they first came; but she reckoned that Christine was getting so she could put up with it a little better, now. She looked significantly across the room to the place where Christine was talking with Beaton; and the student of human nature asked, Was she here? and, Would she introduce him? Mela said she would, the first chance she got; and she added, They would be much pleased to have him call. She felt herself to be having a beautiful time, and she got directly upon such intimate terms with the student of human nature that she laughed with him about some peculiarities of his, such as his going so far about to ask things he wanted to know from her; she said she never did believe in beating about the bush much. She had noticed the same thing in Miss Vance when she came to call, that day; and when the young man owned that he came rather a good deal to Mrs. Horn's house, she asked him, Well, what sort of a girl was Miss Vance, anyway, and where did he suppose she had met her brother? The student of human nature could not say as to this, and as to Miss Vance he judged it safest to treat of the non-society side of her character, her activity in charity, her special devotion to the work among the poor on the East Side, which she personally engaged in.

"Oh, that's where Conrad goes, too!" Mela interrupted. "I'll bet anything that's where she met him. I *wisht* I could tell Christine! But I suppose she would want to kill me, if I was to speak to her *now*."

The student of human nature said politely, "Oh, shall I take you to her?"

Mela answered, "I guess you better *not!*" with a laugh so significant that he could not help his inferences concerning both Christine's absorption in the person she was talking with, and the habitual violence of her temper. He made note of how Mela helplessly spoke of all her family by their names, as if he were already intimate with them; he fancied that if he could get that in skilfully, it would be a valuable color in his study; the English lord whom she should astonish with it, began to form himself out of the dramatic nebulosity in his mind, and to whirl on a definite orbit in American society. But he was puzzled to decide whether Mela's willingness to take him into her confidence on short notice was typical or personal: the trait of a daughter of the natural gas millionaire, or a foible of her own.

Beaton talked with Christine the greater part of the evening that was left after the concert. He was very grave, and took the tone of a fatherly friend; he spoke guardedly of the people present, and moderated the severity of some of Christine's judgments of their looks and costumes. He did this out of a sort of unreasoned allegiance to Margaret, whom he was in the mood of wishing to please by being very kind and good, as she always was. He had the sense also of atoning by this behavior for some reckless things he had said before that to Christine; he put on a sad, reproving air with her, and gave her the feeling of being held in check.

She chafed at it, and said, glancing at Margaret in talk with her brother, "I don't think Miss Vance is so very pretty, do you?"

"I never think whether she's pretty or not," said Beaton, with dreamy affectation. "She is merely perfect. Does she know your brother?"

"So *she* says. I didn't suppose Conrad ever went anywhere, except to tenement-houses."

"It might have been there," Beaton suggested. "She goes among friendless people everywhere."

"Maybe that's the reason she came to see *us!*" said Christine.

Beaton looked at her with his smouldering eyes, and felt the wish to say, "Yes, it was exactly that," but he only allowed himself to deny the possibility of any such motive in that case. He added, "I am so glad you know her, Miss Dryfoos. I never met Miss Vance without feeling myself better and truer, somehow; or the wish to be so."

"And you think *we* might be improved too?" Christine retorted. "Well, I must say you're not very flattering, Mr. Beaton, anyway."

Beaton would have liked to answer her according to her cattishness, with a good clawing sarcasm that would leave its smart in her pride; but he was being good, and he could not change all at once. Besides, the girl's attitude under the social honor done her interested him. He was sure she had never been in such good company before, but he could see that she was not in the least affected by the experience. He had told her who this person and that was; and he saw she had understood that the names were of consequence; but she seemed to feel her equality with them all. Her serenity was not obviously akin to the savage stoicism in which Beaton hid his own consciousness of social inferiority; but having won his way in the world so far by his talent, his personal quality, he did not conceive the simple fact in her case. Christine was self-possessed because she felt that a knowledge of her father's fortune had got around, and she had the peace which money gives to ignorance; but Beaton attributed her poise to ignorance of social values. This, while he inwardly sneered at it, avenged him upon his own too keen sense of them, and, together with his temporary allegiance to Margaret's goodness, kept him from retaliating Christine's vulgarity. He said, "I don't see how that could be," and left the question of flattery to settle itself.

The people began to go away, following each other up to take leave of Mrs. Horn. Christine watched them with indifference, and either because she would not be governed by the general movement, or because she liked being with Beaton, gave no sign of going. Mela was still talking to the student of human nature, sending out her laugh in deep gurgles amidst the unimaginable confidences she was making him about herself, her family, the staff of *Every Other Week*, Mrs. Mandel, and the kind of life they had all led before she came to them. He was not a blind devotee of art for art's sake, and though he felt that if one could portray Mela just as she was she would be the richest possible material, he was rather ashamed to know some of the things she told him; and he kept looking anxiously about for a chance of escape. The company had reduced itself to the Dryfoos groups and some friends of Mrs. Horn's who had the right to linger, when Margaret crossed the room with Conrad to Christine and Beaton.

"I'm so glad, Miss Dryfoos, to find that I was not quite a stranger to you all when I ventured to call, the other day. Your brother and I are rather old acquaintances, though I never knew his name before. I don't know just how to say we met where he is valued so much. I suppose I mustn't try to say how much," she added with a look of deep regard at him.

Conrad blushed and stood folding his arms tight over his breast, while his sister received Margaret's confession with the suspicion which was her first feeling in regard to any new thing. What she concluded was that this girl was trying to get in with them, for reasons of her own. She said: "Yes; it's the first *I* ever heard of his knowing you. He's so much taken up with his meetings, he didn't want to come to-night."

Margaret drew in her lip before she answered, without apparent resentment of the awkwardness or ungraciousness, whichever she found it, "I don't wonder! You become so absorbed in such work that you think nothing else is worth while. But I'm glad Mr. Dryfoos could come with you; I'm *so* glad you could all come; I knew you would enjoy the music. Do sit down—"

"No," said Christine bluntly, "we must be going. Mela!" she called out, "Come!"

The last group about Mrs. Horn looked round, but Christine advanced upon them undismayed, and took the hand Mrs. Horn promptly gave her. "Well, I must bid you good-night."

"Oh, good-night," murmured the elder lady. "So very kind of you to come."

"I've had the best kind of a time," said Mela cordially. "I hain't laughed so much, I don't know when."

"Oh, I'm glad you enjoyed it," said Mrs. Horn in the same polite murmur she had used with Christine; but she said nothing to either sister about any future meeting.

They were apparently not troubled. Mela said over her shoulder to the student of human nature, "The next time I see you I'll *give* it to you for what you said about Moffitt."

Margaret made some entreating paces after them, but she did not succeed in covering the retreat of the sisters against critical conjecture. She could only say to Conrad, as if recurring to the subject, "I *hope* we can get our friends to play for us some night. I know it isn't any real help, but such things take the poor creatures out of themselves for the time being, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "They're good in that way." He turned back hesitatingly to Mrs. Horn, and said, with a blush, "I thank you for a happy evening."

"Oh, I am very glad," she replied in her murmur.

One of the old friends of the house arched her eyebrows in saying good-night, and offered the two young men remaining seats home in her carriage. Beaton gloomily refused, and she kept herself from asking the student of human nature, till she had got him into her carriage, "What *is* Moffitt, and what did you say about it?"

"Now you see, Margaret," said Mrs. Horn, with bated triumph, when the people were all gone.

"Yes, I see," the girl consented. "From one point of view, of course it's been a failure. I don't think we've given Miss Dryfoos a pleasure, but perhaps nobody could. And at least we've given her the opportunity of enjoying herself."

"Such people," said Mrs. Horn, philosophically, "people with their money, must of course be received sooner or later. You can't keep them out. Only, I believe I would rather let some one else begin with them. The Leightons didn't come?"

"I sent them cards. I *couldn't* call again."

Mrs. Horn sighed a little. "I suppose Mr. Dryfoos is one of your fellow-philanthropists?"

"He's one of the workers," said Margaret. "I met him several times at the Hall, but I only knew his first name. I think he's a great friend of Father Benedict; he seems devoted to the work. Don't you think he looks *good?*"

"Very," said Mrs. Horn, with a color of censure in her assent. "The younger girl seemed more amiable than her sister. But what manners!"

"Dreadful!" said Margaret, with knit brows, and a pursed mouth of humorous suffering. "But she appeared to feel very much at home."

"Oh, as to that, neither of them was much abashed. Do you suppose Mr. Beaton gave the other one some hints for that quaint dress of hers? I don't imagine that black and lace is her own invention. She seems to have some sort of strange fascination for him."

"She's very picturesque," Margaret explained. "And artists see points in people that the rest of us don't."

"Could it be her money?" Mrs. Horn insinuated. "He must be very poor."

"But he isn't base," retorted the girl with a generous indignation that made her aunt smile.

"Oh, no; but if he fancies her so picturesque, it doesn't follow that he would object to her being rich."

"It would with a man like Mr. Beaton!"

"You are an idealist, Margaret. I suppose your Mr. March has some disinterested motive in paying court to Miss Mela—Pamela, I suppose is her name. He talked to her longer than her literature would have lasted."

"He seems a very kind person," said Margaret.

"And Mr. Dryfoos pays his salary?"

"I don't know anything about that. But that wouldn't make any difference with him."

Mrs. Horn laughed out at this security; but she was not displeased by the nobleness which it came from. She liked Margaret to be high-minded, and was really not distressed by any good that was in her.

The Marches walked home, both because it was not far, and because they must spare in carriage hire at any rate. As soon as they were out of the house, she applied a point of conscience to him.

"I don't see how you could talk to that girl so long, Basil, and make her laugh so."

"Why, there seemed no one else to do it, till I thought of Kendricks."

"Yes, but I kept thinking, Now he's pleasant to her because he thinks it's to his interest. If she had no relation to *Every Other Week*, he wouldn't waste his time on her."

"Isabel," March complained, "I wish you wouldn't think of me in *he*, *him*, and *his:* I never personalize you in my thoughts: you remain always a vague unindividualized essence, not quite without form and void, but nounless and pronounless. I call that a much more beautiful mental attitude toward the object of one's affections. But if you must *he* and *him* and *his* me in your thoughts, I wish you'd have more kindly thoughts of me."

"Do you deny that it's true, Basil?"

"Do you believe that it's true, Isabel?"

"No matter. But could you excuse it if it were?"

"Ah, I see you'd have been capable of it in my place, and you're ashamed."

"Yes," sighed the wife, "I'm afraid that I should. But tell me that *you* wouldn't, Basil!"

"I can tell you that I wasn't. But I suppose that in a real exigency, I could truckle to the proprietary Dryfooses as well as you."

"Oh, no; you mustn't, dear! I'm a woman, and I'm dreadfully afraid. But you must always be a man, especially with that horrid old Mr. Dryfoos. Promise me that you'll never yield the least point to him in a matter of right and wrong!"

"Not, if he's right and I'm wrong?"

"Don't trifle, dear! You know what I mean. Will you promise?"

"I'll promise to submit the point to you, and let you do the yielding. As for me I shall be adamant. Nothing I like better."

"They're dreadful, even that poor, good young fellow, who's so different from all the rest; he's awful, too, because you feel that he's a martyr to them."

"And I never did like martyrs a great deal," March interposed.

"I wonder how they came to be there," Mrs. March pursued, unmindful of his joke.

"That is exactly what seemed to be puzzling Miss Mela about us. She asked, and I explained as well as I could; and then she told me that Miss Vance had come to call on them and invited them; and first they didn't know how they could come till they thought of making Conrad bring them. But she didn't say why Miss Vance called on them. Mr. Dryfoos doesn't employ *her* on *Every Other Week*. But I suppose she has her own vile little motive."

"It can't be their *money;* it *can't* be!" sighed Mrs. March.

"Well, I don't know. We all respect money."

"Yes, but Miss Vance's position is so secure. She needn't pay court to those stupid, vulgar people."

"Well, let's console ourselves with the belief that she would, if she needed. Such people as the Dryfooses are the raw material of good society. It isn't made up of refined or meritorious people—professors and littérateurs, ministers and musicians, and their families. All the fashionable people there to-night were like the Dryfooses a generation or two ago. I dare say the material works up faster now, and in a season or two you won't know the Dryfooses from the other plutocrats. *They* will—a little better than they do now; they'll see a difference, but nothing radical, nothing painful. People who get up in the world by service to others—through letters, or art, or science—may have their modest little misgivings as to their social value, but people that rise by money—especially if their gains are sudden—never have. And that's the kind of people that form our nobility; there's no use pretending that we haven't a nobility; we might as well pretend we haven't first-class cars in the presence of a vestibuled Pullman. Those girls had no more doubt of their right to be there than if they had been duchesses: *we* thought it was very nice of Miss Vance to come and ask us, but *they* didn't; they weren't afraid, or the least embarrassed; they were perfectly natural—like born aristocrats. And you may be sure that if the plutocracy that now owns the country ever sees fit to take on the outward signs of an aristocracy—titles, and arms, and ancestors—it won't falter from any inherent question of its worth. Money prizes and honors itself, and if there is anything it hasn't got, it believes it can buy it."

"Well, Basil," said his wife, "I hope you won't get infected with Lindau's ideals of rich people. Some of them are very good and kind."

"Who denies that? Not even Lindau himself. It's all right. And the great thing is that the evening's enjoyment is over. I've got my society smile off, and I'm radiantly happy. Go on with your little pessimistic diatribes, Isabel; you can't spoil *my* pleasure."

"I could see," said Mela, as she and Christine drove home together, "that she was as jealous as she could be, all the time you was talkun' to Mr. Beaton. She pretended to be talkun' to Conrad, but she kep' her eye on you pretty close, I can tell you. I bet she just got us there to see how him and you would act together. And I reckon she was satisfied. He's dead gone on you, Chris."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Christine listened with a dreamy pleasure to the flatteries with which Mela plied her in the hope of some return in kind, and not at all because she felt spitefully toward Miss Vance, or in anywise wished her ill. "Who was that fellow with you, so long?" asked Christine. "I suppose you turned yourself inside out to him, like you always do."

Mela was transported by the cruel ingratitude. "It's a lie! I didn't tell him a single thing."

Conrad walked home, choosing to do so because he did not wish to hear his sisters' talk of the evening, and because there was a tumult in his spirit which he wished to let have its way. In his life with its single purpose, defeated by stronger wills than his own, and now struggling partially to fulfil itself in acts of devotion to others, the thought of women had entered scarcely more than in that of a child. His ideals were of a virginal vagueness: faces, voices, gestures had filled his fancy at times, but almost passionlessly; and the sensation that he now indulged was a kind of worship, ardent, but reverent and exalted. The brutal experiences of the world make us forget that there are such natures in it, and that they seem to come up out of the lowly earth as well as down from the high heaven. In the heart of this man well on toward thirty there had never been left the stain of a base thought; not that suggestion and conjecture had not visited him, but that he had not entertained them, or in anywise made them his. In a Catholic age and country, he would have been one of those monks who are sainted after death for the angelic purity of their lives, and whose names are invoked by believers in moments of trial, like San Luigi Gonzaga. As he now walked along thinking, with a lover's beatified smile on his face, of how Margaret Vance had spoken and looked, he dramatized scenes in which he approved himself to her by acts of goodness and unselfishness, and died to please her for the sake of others. He made her praise him for them, to his face, when he disclaimed their merit, and after his death, when he could not. All the time he was poignantly sensible of her grace, her elegance, her style; they seemed to intoxicate him; some tones of her voice thrilled through his nerves, and some looks turned his brain with a delicious, swooning sense of her beauty; her refinement bewildered him. But all this did not admit the idea of possession, even of aspiration. At the most his worship only set her beyond the love of all other men as far as beyond his own.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF PUGET SOUND.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

NEW America is rising on the shores of the vast and romantic fiord called by the Indians the Whulge, but known to modern geographers as Puget Sound. Already the prophets of Seattle claim that their city will one day be the larger New York. "We shall be," they say, "the port of the Pacific and of Asia. We shall distribute our commodities through the vast empire west of the Mississippi as New York does through that on the east. We are to be the lumber-yard of the world. Pennsylvanias of coal and unknown mountain treasure-houses of all kinds of ores lie behind us, and the quiet waterways to all lands before us, and one of the three great cities of modern times must here lift its domes of industry over the sunset sea." Tacoma, the beautiful, makes the same claim, and argues that she not only has the port on which are to ride the ships of the world, but the Northern Pacific Railroad as the direct route to the shop towns and cities of the East. The most beautifully situated of all American cities, the Naples of the North, on the new Mediterranean, with Mount Tacoma, 14,444 feet high, spread out like a celestial tent above her, the most splendid and poetic peak in the American atmosphere, Tacoma has literary and artistic as well as commercial aspirations. These ambitions are well founded, if we may trust the modern prophets. Says the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* (Robert Chambers): "When the populations of America shall reach the Pacific, the literary period of that country will begin." Theodore Winthrop, drifting down the Puget Sea in a canoe, prophesied that religion would find its new spiritual development and evolution among the new nations that were to gather there. The march of progress here holds her steeds in the blaze of the sunset, with the crystal tent of Tacoma like a deserted abode of the gods of the golden age in the sky. The axe and hammer have begun their work everywhere in all these lands of the woods. Troy was, and Troys are to be. The Puget Sound laborer smites the giant trees with faith in the future. But let the prophets pass and the poets come, here surely is to be a great political empire, and the literary sense is awakening to the fact, and beginning to inquire about the old romances and traditions of these new-created scenes.

The Puget Sound country is rich in legendary lore, and here new Schoolcrafts and Longfellows, new poets and composers and painters and artists, may find a field worthy of a higher inspiration. The religion of the Puget Sound Indians is spiritualism: every tree has its soul, and all of the mountains are the abodes of invisible gods; personification, as in ancient Greece, is everywhere, and all the truths of life taught in parable.

The student from the North unrolls his map, and asks, "Who was Juan de Fuca?" He finds that the strait that opens this new world was named after an Italian romancer and pretended discoverer. And he next asks, "Who was Puget, and why was that name given to the Indian Whulge?" Even the cyclopædias are silent here, as are Wilkes, Swan, and Victor; but the old pioneer will tell you that Puget was the chivalrous lieutenant of Vancouver, and that he measured the one hundred and twenty miles of the winding sea, and fathomed its sea-green waters, and saw the celestial tent of Mount Tacoma spread in the sky, and dreamed in the bright days of 1792 that he would soon enter a marvellous river that would run from the Pacific to the Atlantic. So he drifted on in the wonder-land anywhither; but although the sky was domed with crystal, the open river to the Atlantic did not appear. The way to the Atlantic was to come; but it was to be iron and steam. Puget's old camping-ground is still shown to the tourist on the Whulge. His body should be brought there, and his monument bear the name of the sea. But his name is already written on the waters eternally, like Vancouver's on the island, where also infant cities are at play with the axe and hammer. Puget's romantic dreams, like that of the old adelantado of Florida and Bimini, were allegorical; the types of stupendous realities, like a child's visions of life.

Theodore Winthrop, in his *Canoe and Saddle*, fixed the Siwash name of Tacoma on Mount Rainier or Regnier. The Seattle people still call the mountain Rainier, and you may know a Seattle man by the emphatic use that he makes of this word. "Rainier" is never allowed to be so much as uttered in Tacoma. The legend of Tacoma evolved through the lively and picturesque imagination of Theodore Winthrop may be found in *Canoe and Saddle*, a Rip Van Winkle medley of little classic importance, and we will not repeat it here. The Siwashes have a nobler legend of the mountain, growing out of the probable view that it was once a volcano. Once, in times dim and distant, the tamanouses or guardian spirits of the mountain became enraged with the tamanouses of Mount Hood, who were acting unruly, and tossing, as we may imagine, stones and smoke and fire into the air. To teach Mount Hood a lesson and make him more quiet in his manners among the monarchs of the air, Tacoma began to stone the rival peak. Some of the stones thrown by Tacoma fell short, and a terrible accident happened, the bad effects of which remain to this day. Some of the rocks thrown by Tacoma fell into the Columbia River and turned it aside, and caused the Cascades and Dalles. You may see them there to-day. That is why the steam-boat from Portland, Oregon, cannot go all the way up the New Rhine.

Tacoma has learned the arts of peace since then, and buried under mighty glaciers her spiteful fires. Mount Hood smokes a little at times, but he too is becoming quiet. Men will soon blow the rocks out of the Columbia, and illumine Mount Tacoma and Mount Hood with red fires on Fourth-of-July nights, and then all the land of the new empire will be peace. This legend has grand outlines. Like many of the Siwash tales, it is stupendous, and the proofs of it are wonderfully visible.

Poor old Angeline Seattle—the Princess Angeline! Her flat tan-colored face, fiery black eyes, and black hair are a familiar picture in the streets of the new city, where she sits down daily on some log or shoe-box to marvel at all that is going on. Now and then she hies away to beg "one bit" or "two bits" of Henry Yesler or some other old pioneer. She is a very happy mortal if you please her, and very ugly if you tease her. She is the daughter of Seattle, the chief who gave the name to the lively and ambitious city whose prophets claim the earth. Her legend is: Once upon a time the town of Seattle was surrounded by a union of the war tribes bent on its destruction. Warriors were hiding in every bush. Angeline, the princess, the daughter of the chief, discovered the plot and the plans to murder the town, and she stole away from her lodge under "the moon and stars," and came to the imperilled place, and gave the old settlers warning. Was her warning true? Many laughed at it. The war ship *Decatur* lay in the harbor. The captain determined to shell the woods. The Indians understood the "one shot" of the cannon-ball, but not the "two shot" of the shell. The sight of a ball that would *shoot again* was to them a miracle. The "two-shot" balls caused such an astonishment in the woods that a hideous yell arose, and the Princess Angeline's warning was proven to be an episode of heroism.

It seems a pity to doubt so desirable a story, especially as old Angeline is a very benevolent soul, and gives away to others nearly everything she has or begs. But Mr. Yesler, the old pioneer and Mayor, has recently written an article, in which he claims that it was old Curley, a friendly Indian, who gave the warning and caused the shelling of the woods. We visited Mr. Yesler, and he denied the heroic claims of the Princess Angeline. Veto. We must know the truth, so went to the palace of the princess herself.

The palace of this daughter of the hero-chieftain of the new New York consisted of a hovel or tent of boards on the side of a hill, among other hovels and pans and kettles and stumps innumerable. We knocked at he door. A dog came to meet us. One dislikes to meet a dog at the door in an Indian town. We went away cautiously, and looked over the bay, and listened to a thousand hammers, which one may hear anywhere. Then we came back again over the charred stumps. The palace door was open, and on the step sat the dumpy form of the daughter of the great Seattle.

"Are you Angeline, the daughter of the chief?"

A nod—a bow nod. Triumph!

I gave her one bit. Her face beamed.

"*Nika attle copa mika.*"

"Did you save Seattle during the war?" A low bow. There, Henry Yesler, that settles it. She herself said, and it is greatly to her credit. We gave her another bit.

"*Mitlite.*"

"Yes, I will sit down," and I did, and she "shooed" away the suspicious-looking dog, and there on the palace step I had a talk with the venerable princess, the once lovely heroine of Seattle. Paint her picture, somebody; she will not be here long to watch the progress of the city from the log or shoe-box.

The "great Seattle"? Who was he? The lord of all the Indians, one would suppose. Veto again. He came with Dr. Maynard, the pioneer, to Seattle, and was true to the interests of the white, and so Governor Stevens, the great Territorial Governor, made him a titular chief, and the new town received his name.

Long, long ago, say the Siwashes, in the splendid sunsets of the Whulge, or Puget Sea, there came a canoe of copper, sailing, sailing. The painted forest lords and feathered maidens saw it from the bluffs—in the sunrise at times, or in the moonsets, but ever in the red sunsets, sailing, sailing. The gleam of copper in the red sunset is more beautiful than gold; and ever and anon on the blue wave was seen the burnished gleam of the copper canoe.

On it came, and the Solitary Voyager in the copper canoe landed at last on the Whulge, under the crystal dome of Mount Tacoma, and he shadowed among the cool firs of the headlands there the boat that flashed out the rays of sunset light.

He called together the tribes. They came in canoes from everywhere. He began to teach and preach. "I come among you as a preacher of righteousness," he said, or thoughts like these. "All that men can possess in this world, or any other, is righteousness. If a man have that, he is rich, though he be poor, and his soul shall rise, rise, rise, and live forever.

"O Siwashes," he preached, "the unseen power that thinks and causes you to act is the soul. It does not die when the breath vanishes. It goes away with the unseen life, and inhabits the life unseen. You have never seen the soul or life, but death is only the beginning of a longer life, and the soul with righteous longings shall be happy forever.

"But war is wrong—the spear, the arrow, and the spilling of human blood. Man may not kill his brother. The soul was meant for peace."

He preached these or like doctrines, a beautiful gospel, like the Sermon on the Mount.

The warlike tribes rejected the word. They nailed the Saviour who came gleaming over the violet sea in the copper canoe to a tree, and he died there. They took down his body, but, wonder of wonders! it rose from the dead, and appeared to all the tribes, and the risen Saviour preached the same doctrine of righteousness and immortality as before. The legend may have been derived from the preaching of some forest priest in some distant place, for the Catholic missionaries were on the coast of California before 1700.

As curious and wonderful is the Siwash tradition of the flood, which may have had a like origin. There once fell upon the earth a long and terrible rain; the Whulge arose; it filled the mountain walls, and all the tribes perished except one man. He fled before the rising waters up the sides of Mount Tacoma, or Rainier, or Ranier. The waters rose and covered the mountain. They swept over his feet; they came to his knees, to his waist. He seemed about to be swept away, when his feet turned to stone.

Then the rain ceased. The clouds broke and the blue sky came again, and the waters began to sink.

The one man stood there on the top of Rainier. He could not lift his feet; they were rocks. Birds flew again, flowers bloomed again, but he could not go.

Then the Spirit of All Things came to him. "Sleep," said he. And the one man with stone feet slept.

As he slept there the Spirit of All Things took from him a rib and made of it a woman. When he awoke, there stood his wife ready-made on the top of Mount Tacoma. His stone shoes dropped off, and the happy pair came down the mountain to the wooded paradises of the Whulge on the sunset sea. Here sprung the human race at the foot of Mount Tacoma, or Rainier, or Ranier. Hear that, O ye builders of the new cities! The golden age began with you, and it is yours to bring it back again. The ark, however, did not rest on Mount Tacoma; we are sorry for that. Yet this legend is worth any two traditions of the ark; it is the story of Adam, Eve, and Noah all in one. Are the stone shoes yet on the top of the mountain, like the rocks tossed by the tamanouses in the Cascades of the Columbia? It is a hard climb up the mountain. The traveller begins to bleed from eyes and ears at the height of eleven thousand feet; and it is very hot in the thin air, although the glaciers lie beneath. But these stone shoes would be worth going up to get. Who shall find them, the "Rainier" man or the "Tacoma" man of the rival cities?

The devil dance has been forbidden by the British government among the Canadian tribes. It was once the great feature of all the potlatches. The potlatch is a feast of gifts. The wealthiest man of the tribe makes a potlatch, or feast, and gives away to his own tribe or a neighboring tribe all that he possesses, and whoever gives a potlatch becomes an Indian grandee or lord. The inspiring plan of this Northern feast is benevolent though somewhat vain, but the ceremonies used to be of the most horrid character, especially the tamanous dance, or spirit dance, and the devil dance, which was a dance of blood.

"I once witnessed a potlatch," said a pioneer missionary, "and I hope I may never see such a scene again. I had landed among a tribe of northern Siwashes on the Whulge, where I had gathered a little church some months before, and I expected to hold a meeting on the night I came, in one of the cabins. The place was deserted; the woods were all silent. Sunset flashed his red light along the sea—such a sunset as one only sees here in these Northern latitudes—a wannish glare of smoky crimson lingering long into the night. As soon as the sun went down I began to hear a piping sound like birds in all the woods around. One call answered another everywhere. I had never heard a sound like that. I tried to approach one of these sounds, but it receded before me.

"Suddenly a great fire blazed up and lit the sky. I approached it; it was built on a little prairie. Near it was a huge platform, covered with canoes, blankets, pressed fish, berry cakes, soap-olalely, or berry soap, wampum, and beads. Not an Indian was in sight save one. She was an old squaw bound to a stake or tree.

"'What is this?' I asked in Chinook.

"'Cultus tee-hee,
Cultus hee-hee,
Dah-blo!'

she wailed in Chinook.

"'When?—tamala?' (to-morrow).

"'Ding ding—

Cultus tee-hee,
Cultus hee-hee,
Dah-blo!'

"Then I knew that all was preparation for a potlatch, and that there was to be a devil dance —*ding ding*—at that very hour.

"It was a night of the full moon, as such a night would be selected for such a ceremony. The moon rose red in the smoky air, and the sounds like the bird-calls grew louder and wilder. There was a yell; it was answered everywhere; and hundreds of Indians in paint and masks came running out of the timber upon the prairie. Some were on all fours, some had the heads of beasts, fishes, and birds, some had wings, and many had *tails*.

"Then came the biters, attended by raving squaws. The biters were to tear the flesh from the arms of any who were not found at the dance after a certain hour.

"Now the drums began to beat and the shells to blow. Indians poured out of the woods in paint, blankets, and beads. A great circle was formed; the tamanous or spirit dance was enacted. Great gifts were made at a powwow, or wahwah. Then the great dark crowd grew frantic, and under the full moon gleaming on high came the devil dance.

"The first victim was a live dog. He was seized, torn in pieces, and eaten by the dancers, so as to redden their faces with blood. The yells were now more furious; the dancers leaped into the air, and circled round the old woman tied to the tree. I will not describe the sickening sight that followed; I will only say that the old hag who was accused of 'casting an evil-eye,' shared the same fate as the dog.

"'Why do you worship the devil?' I asked an exhausted brave the next day.

"'Good spirits always good; him we no fear. Please the devil, and him no harm you. All well—happy; good tamanous, bad tamanous. See?'

"It was plain—the old philosophy of the sinking sailor, who prayed, 'Good Lord! good devil!' The tradition was—it came out of the long past —that the devil must be appeased."

They are vanishing, the tribes, and it is time to gather up the old legends. The Southern Pacific Railroad is to run *up* to Seattle, and the Canadian Pacific *down* to Seattle, and the city will sit like a jewel in the great ring of iron that runs round the coast of North America. Tacoma's triumphal road strikes at once the States, and here the past is forever to go and the future forever to come; here on the woody shores of the sunset are the castellated headlands of the Whulge. It is God's land all where the wheel of industrial progress is to be arrested, and spiritual domes to hang in air. One of the old legends states that the tamanous once stole the sun and hid it. It was happily found, and the theft is not likely to occur again in the new empire of the North and West, that will one day largely dominate the States, and perhaps lead the thoughts of mankind.

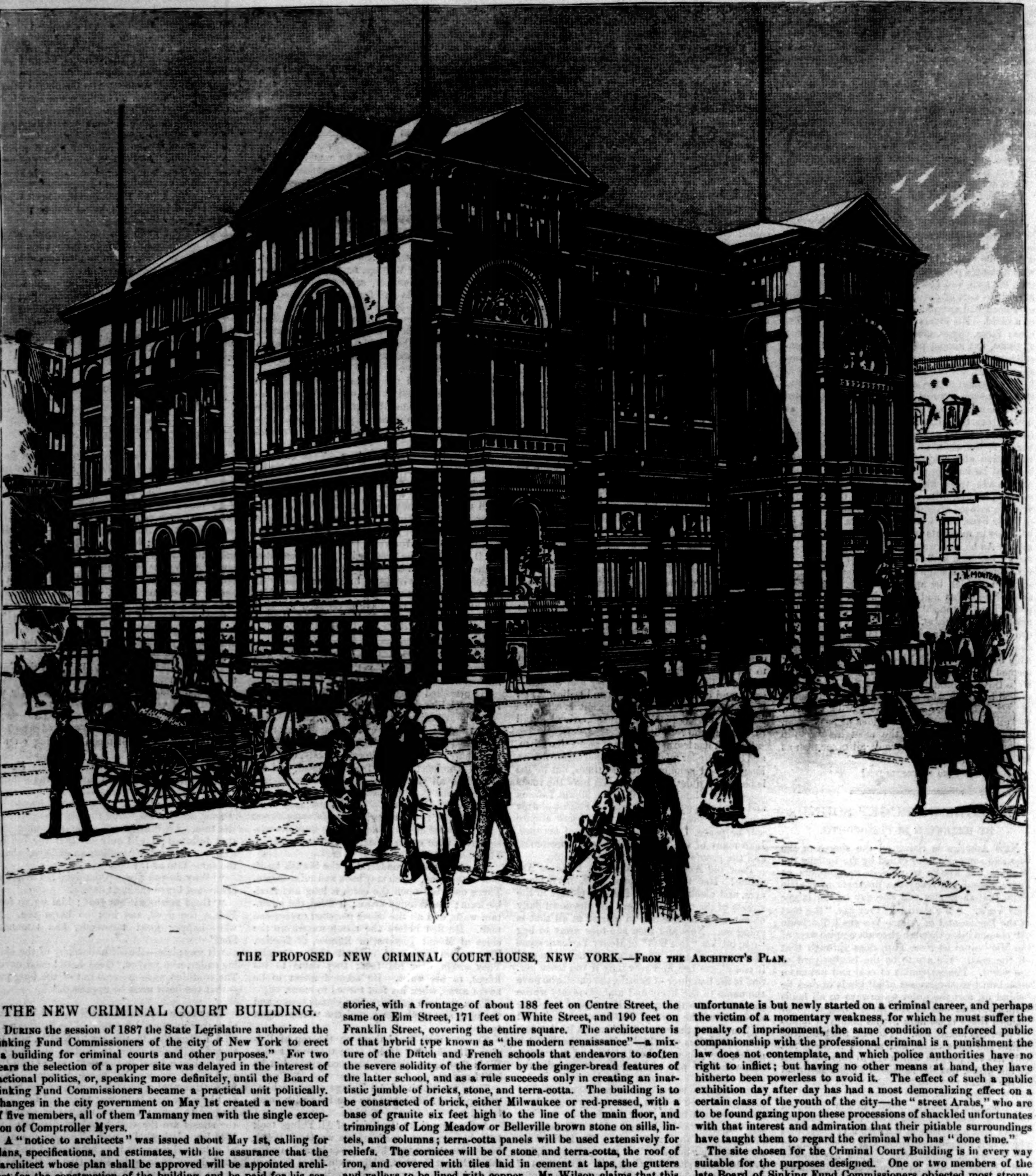
A TRUE LOVER.

Go forth into the world again,
Searching for one as fair and sweet?
Leave you, who are my dream complete?
Leave you, and let the great sun wane,
Shrouding my life in darkness? Oh,
Love, oh my love, I cannot go!

They say that love is but a show
Some wizard casts before our eyes;
They say that as a fading flower
Rapture will lose its magic power
To turn to heaven this earth of woe:
But I say, "Love, I cannot go!"

To touch your heart with perfect faith,
To win with ardor your rare life,
So full of beauty, charm, and praise,
So full of bliss to light my days
From now to death, were you my wife—
I take your trembling answer so,
And love, my love, I cannot go!

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.



THE PROPOSED NEW CRIMINAL COURT-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLAN.

THE NEW CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING.

DURING the session of 1887 the State Legislature authorized the Sinking Fund Commissioners of the city of New York to erect "a building for criminal courts and other purposes." For two years the selection of a proper site was delayed in the interest of factional politics, or, speaking more definitely, until the Board of Sinking Fund Commissioners became a practical unit politically. Changes in the city government on May 1st created a new board of five members, all of them Tammany men with the single exception of Comptroller Myers.

A "notice to architects" was issued about May 1st, calling for plans, specifications, and estimates, with the assurance that the "architect whose plan shall be approved will be appointed architect for the construction of the building, and be paid for his services in superintending the work the fees prescribed by the American Institute of Architects." These fees are five per cent., and upon these terms thirteen plans were submitted, under such marks and seals as were supposed to conceal the identity of the makers. The city's experts who passed upon the merits of the plans were two official engineers and the Superintendent of the Building Department. These gentlemen selected the three plans which they considered the most meritorious of the thirteen, and submitted them to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund without recommending any particular one for final choice.

Here the Commissioners stopped, and decided to go behind the stipulation made in their "notice to architects," and through the public prints invited the unknown architects of the three plans to appear before them and compete for the prize on a basis of smaller remuneration than had been promised. To the credit of Comptroller Myers, it is to be said he was opposed to this manifest breach of business faith, but he was overruled by his colleagues. Two out of the three architects appeared, James W. Wilson, of Thom, Wilson, & Scharschmidt, and Napoleon Le Brun, of Le Brun & Sons, the third one probably not caring to enter into any such competition. Mr. Le Brun's plan called for the expenditure of $1,300,000 for the building, three per cent. of which sum he was willing to accept for his services. The plan of Mr. Wilson, when presented, was accompanied by an estimate of $1,000,000, but on his appearance before the Commissioners he requested leave to increase the sum to $1,400,000, on the ground that the first estimate had been made "in a hurry"; he was allowed to make the correction, and declaring his willingness to accept two per cent. for his services, his plans were adopted, and the position awarded him of the supervision of contracts amounting to $1,400,000, provided the expenditure is held within that limit.

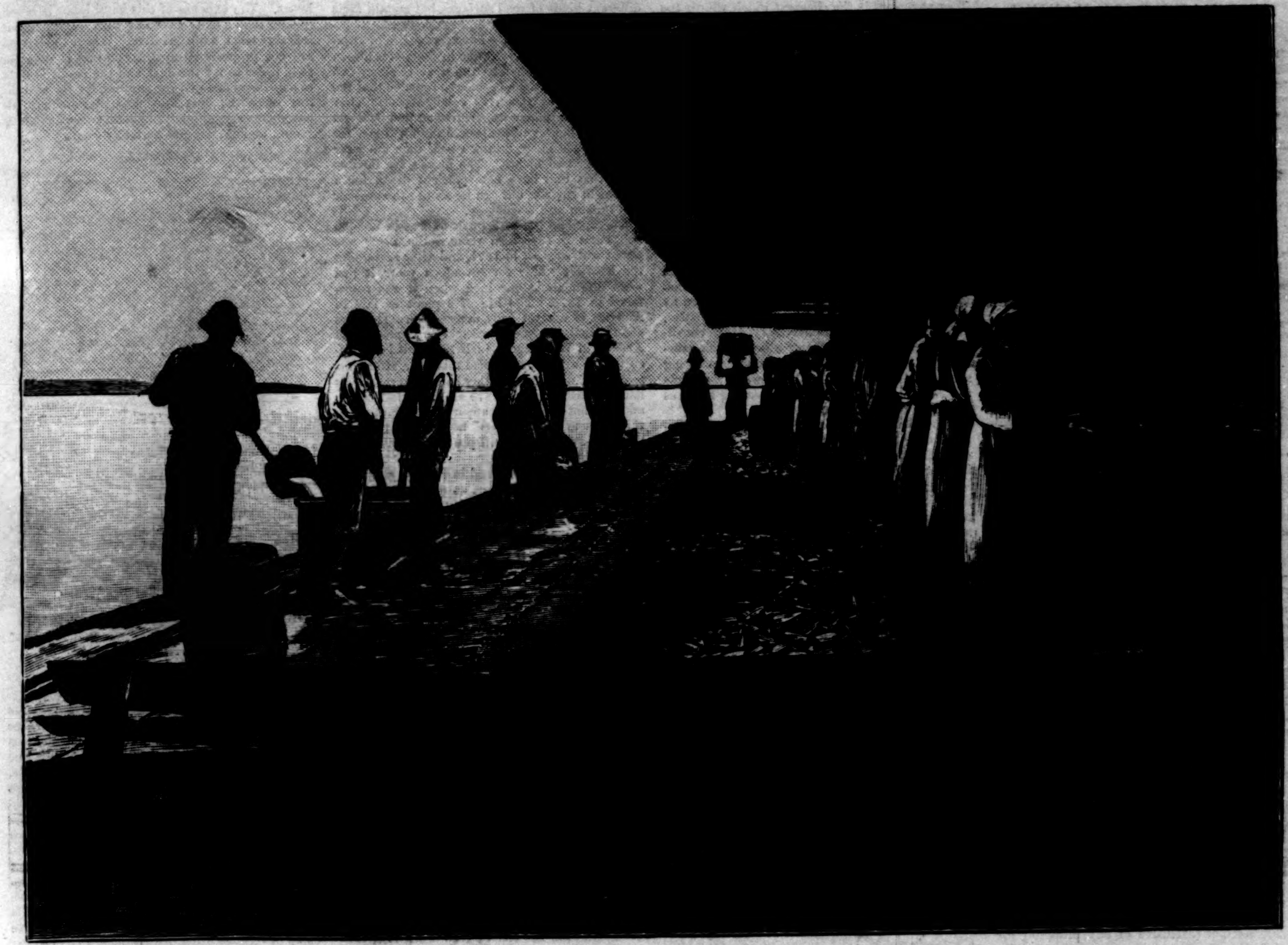
The plans provide for a building 115 feet in height, and of six stories, with a frontage of about 188 feet on Centre Street, the same on Elm Street, 171 feet on White Street, and 190 feet on Franklin Street, covering the entire square. The architecture is of that hybrid type known as "the modern renaissance"—a mixture of the Dutch and French schools that endeavors to soften the severe solidity of the former by the ginger-bread features of the latter school, and as a rule succeeds only in creating an inartistic jumble of bricks, stone, and terra-cotta. The building is to be constructed of brick, either Milwaukee or red-pressed, with a base of granite six feet high to the line of the main floor, and trimmings of Long Meadow or Belleville brown stone on sills, lintels, and columns; terra-cotta panels will be used extensively for reliefs. The cornices will be of stone and terra-cotta, the roof of iron, and covered with tiles laid in cement at laps, the gutters and valleys to be lined with copper. Mr. Wilson claims that this roof will last five hundred years if properly put on.

The main entrance on Centre Street will be imposing, and reached by a broad flight of granite steps, the supporting columns of the same stone, and surmounted by a balustrade. The halls will all be of mosaic tiling, and the basings of marble; the main stairway will be built with iron springs and risers and marble treads, the newels and railings of bronze; all other stairways will be made of slate, with slate and iron instead of marble and bronze. The first floor will be occupied as offices by various officials, and the second by the courts of Oyer and Terminer, the General Sessions, the Special Sessions, and the Tombs Police Court. The District Attorney, the Coroners, and the Board of Excise will have ample accommodations in the building above and below the court-rooms, which will all be of good size, and with ceilings thirty-two feet high, provided with approved ventilating facilities; on the Franklin Street side will be a mezzanine gallery, off of which will be prisoners' pens and police quarters. All office and court-room floors will be laid in hard wood, door and window frames to be the same; the floors will be laid on concrete and iron, and the building throughout will be practically fireproof. Six elevators placed at convenient points, gas and electric light connections, and the most approved sanitary plumbing are provided for.

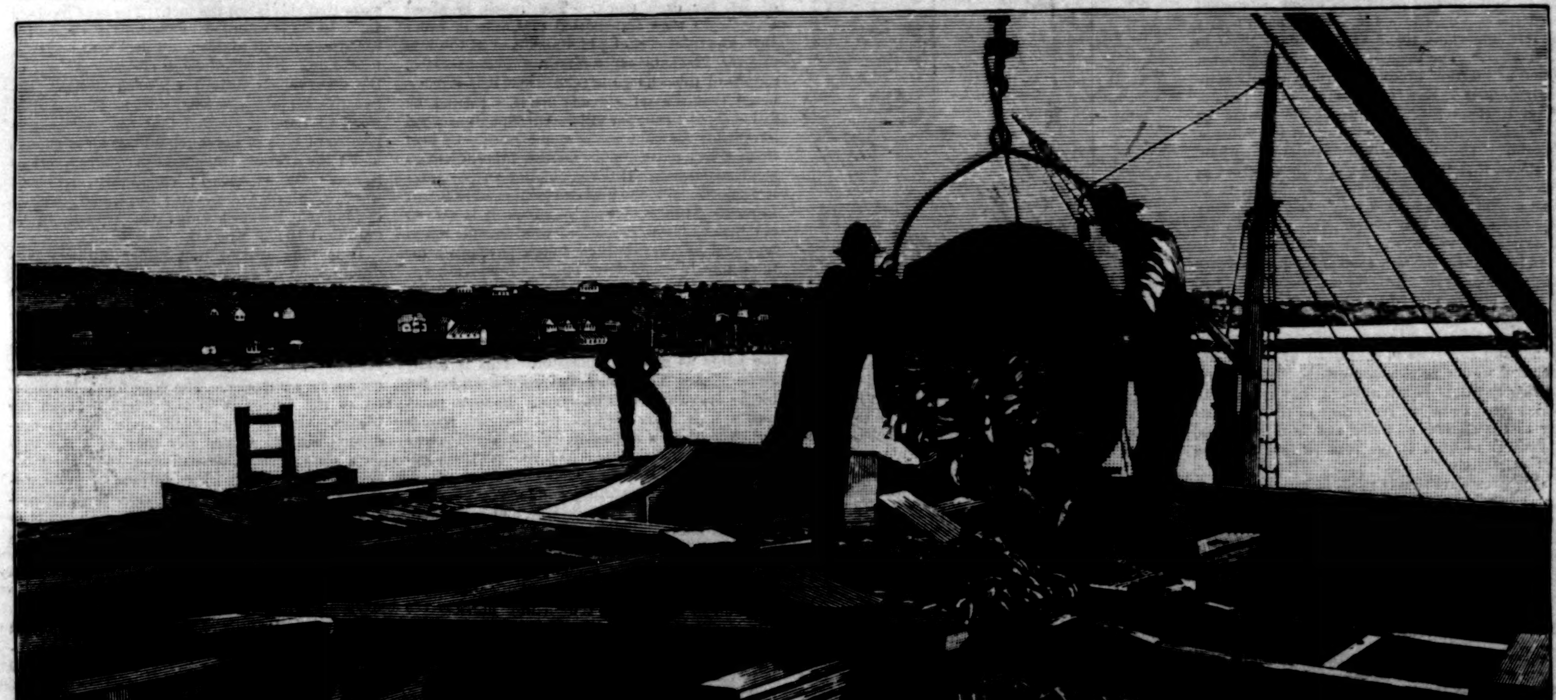
A most wise and commendable provision is made for a covered bridge to arch over Franklin Street, and connecting the court floor of the new building with the Tombs. It will be used for bringing the prisoners back and forth between the court-rooms and the prison, and does away with the barbarous "Black Maria," excepting for those brought from the distant police courts. If a prisoner be innocent of all crime, the humiliation suffered at being seen in public shackled perhaps to a typical "tough" is peculiarly unjust, and is apt to rest a stigma upon his whole after-life; again, if the unfortunate is but newly started on a criminal career, and perhaps the victim of a momentary weakness, for which he must suffer the penalty of imprisonment, the same condition of enforced public companionship with the professional criminal is a punishment the law does not contemplate, and which police authorities have no right to inflict; but having no other means at hand, they have hitherto been powerless to avoid it. The effect of such a public exhibition day after day has had a most demoralizing effect on a certain class of the youth of the city—the "street Arabs," who are to be found gazing upon these processions of shackled unfortunates with that interest and admiration that their pitiable surroundings have taught them to regard the criminal who has "done time."

The site chosen for the Criminal Court Building is in every way suitable for the purposes designed. One or two members of the late Board of Sinking Fund Commissioners objected most strenuously to this location, the principal argument being its alleged unhealthfulness because it was originally a swamp. It was also feared that the great weight of a building such as proposed could not be sustained on "made ground." That this apprehension was unnecessary was shown in the fact that the old building, but just rased from the site and so long used as a freight depot, had not appreciably settled, and it was subjected for years to the strain of tons on tons of accumulated freight, as well as that of the great aggregation of machinery in use by the number of manufacturers who occupied the three upper floors.

The ground is part of what was known as "the commons" in early colonial days, and which extended from about the location of the present Post-office northward to a little above the site in question. At this spot was the "Kalch Hook," which afterward became corrupted into the "Collect." It was in its natural state a beautiful lake of clear water, fed by a number of springs and surrounded by wooded hills and pasture land. There were two outlets to the lake, one of which, a lively little brook, emptied into the East River; the other, a small stream, percolated through the meadows of Anthony Rutgers, and finally reached the waters of the Hudson, which at high tide backed up as far as the present corner of Canal Street and Broadway. These outlets having become a public nuisance, "causing fevers and other sicknesses," in 1791 the corporation proposed filling up the lake, and while thus obviating the nuisance, reclaiming some land that was becoming very valuable. The Rutgers heirs claimed title to the west side of the lake under grant from the Colonial Council in 1738. The city paid them about $400 in release of their claim, but it was not until about 1800 that the filling in was commenced, and then, in the deliberate manner of the times, it took about ten years to complete the work, and was looked upon as one of the most important public improvements of the day.



ALBEMARLE SOUND FISHING.—Drawn by A. Kappes from a Photograph by the United States Fish Commission.—[See Page 651.]



A BIG MENHADEN CATCH.—From a Photograph by the United States Fish Commission.—[See Page 651.]

ROADS AND ROAD-MAKING.

(*Continued from page 636, Supplement.*)

report upon twice a month. Several sections are placed under an engineer, who has charge of all the roads in an *arrondissement*, or township, and must inspect every part of them once in three months. Finally, the engineer-in-chief has charge of all the roads in the department, or province, eighty-seven of which constitute the territory of France.

During the winter, when the repairs are heavy, and whenever a general resurfacing of the road is undertaken, the regular cantonniers are assisted by auxiliary labor hired for the time being. The broken stone required for such work is furnished by contract.

It should be borne in mind that this is not a mere paper organization, or code of forgotten statutes, but an actual working system in full operation to-day. It is the result of 120 years of thought and labor devoted to an important subject by some of the best minds in France, and the result is the most superb system of roads to be found anywhere in the world. The cost is surprisingly small, considering what is accomplished. The actual cost per mile of maintaining the national roads (all macadamized) is given in Debauve's *Manual* for each of the eighty-seven departments. It varies from $60 to $500 per mile, with an average of $150, of which about half is for labor and half for materials. For maintaining less important roads the average cost per mile is as follows: departmental roads, $135; important local roads, $92; ordinary local roads, $57; by-roads, $42.

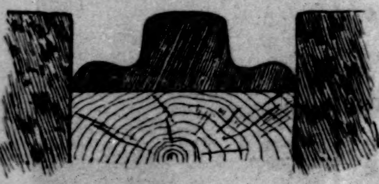


FIG. 20.

It would seem as if a somewhat analogous system might be devised in America, by which the roads in each State might be placed in charge of the State Engineer, the repairs in each county to be made by the county survey, or according to the instructions of the State Engineer, a uniform road tax of say five mills to be levied throughout the State, but the amount of taxes raised in each county to be expended in that county. With an estimated valuation in the State of New York of $1,200,000,000 (exclusive of city property) for the census of 1890, such a tax would yield $6,000,000 per annum for the roads of the entire State; and this sum judiciously expended, according to well-digested plans and under competent supervision, would in a few years rebuild nearly all our important roads and maintain them in good order.* The present system of independent action or inaction by each board of county commissioners is known to be a complete failure. What it costs for the entire State cannot be stated, for there are no statistics on the subject. Possibly, if the statistics were available, it would be found that the total cost is fully as great as the sum above stated, although the result is almost nothing. As for toll roads, and compulsory labor or a tax in lieu thereof, they are both out of date at the end of the nineteenth century.

In brief, then, the only system for good country roads, as shown by universal experience, is a bed of stone, broken into small angular fragments and thoroughly rolled, and maintained in good order by a small force of laborers, under proper organization and supervision, constantly at work summer and winter in cleaning off the road and repairing any defects the moment they appear; to which must be added from time to time, according to the amount of traffic and resulting wear, a general renewal of the road surface with the same materials.

City streets are simply roads of very heavy traffic, and the problem of paving is road-making designed to meet certain special conditions. A vast amount of ingenuity has been expended in the effort to make pavements that would be indestructible, but the effort is entirely futile. In the constant attrition of wheels and pavement something must be worn, and if the pavement is indestructible the vehicles will soon be destroyed.

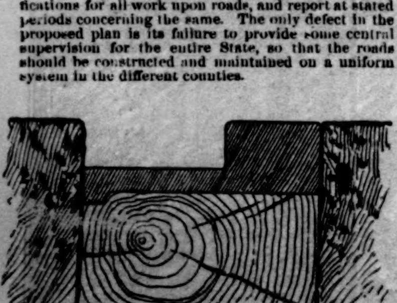


FIG. 21.

That pavement is the cheapest which affords the least wear to its own surface and to the vehicles combined. A good pavement should be durable, smooth, cleanly, as nearly noiseless as possible, and afford a good foothold for horses. Every form of construction material—iron, brick, stone,* and wood—has been tried in every conceivable manner of application during the last fifty years. The results of this large experience—as to cost and durability, ease of traction and cleanliness, noiselessness and slipperiness—have been carefully studied by French and English engineers, and to a certain, though much less, extent by American engineers. While it cannot be said that the exact amount of wear in terms of the traffic has been fully determined, nor that the effect of different pavements upon the wear of vehicles and the cost of transportation has been mathematically demonstrated, yet certain fundamental principles are now generally admitted by all who have given careful thought to the matter, viz.: 1. A foundation is necessary, which constitutes the real pavement, and which is indestructible. 2. On this foundation a suitable wearing surface should be laid, and renewed from time to time. 3. The only suitable wearing surfaces are stone blocks, asphalt, and wood.

In reality these principles are only a development of the macadam road. Since the surface of macadam is worn too rapidly by heavy traffic, it must be protected with a renewable surface, leaving the body of broken stone as the permanent road-bed. As broken stone and cement mixed with sand will acquire in a few days the solidity that macadam will attain only after several months or years, the bed of macadam metal has naturally given place to a bed of concrete. This is universally conceded to be the proper foundation for any good city pavement. A thickness of six inches has been found by experience to be amply sufficient; in cases of exceptionally heavy traffic it should be made of Portland cement, but in all other cases the ordinary American cements are quite strong enough.

In selecting the wearing surface due regard should be had to the gradient, the traffic, and the climate. Stone blocks are the most durable, but they are the most expensive, the most noisy, and offer the greatest resistance to traffic. Asphalt is the smoothest and cleanest, but it should not be used on grades of more than 4½ in 100. Wood is the least durable, but it is smooth and noiseless. Among different kinds of stone, sandstone and limestone are not sufficiently durable, and trap is so hard that it polishes and becomes very slippery under traffic. Hence granite is considered the best stone to use. Of asphalt there are two varieties, the natural bituminous limestone of France, and the artificial bituminous sandstone, made by mixing sand with pure asphalt, which is largely used in many American cities. Of wood many varieties both hard and soft have been used, but the best wooden pavements of London and Paris are made of Baltic fir.

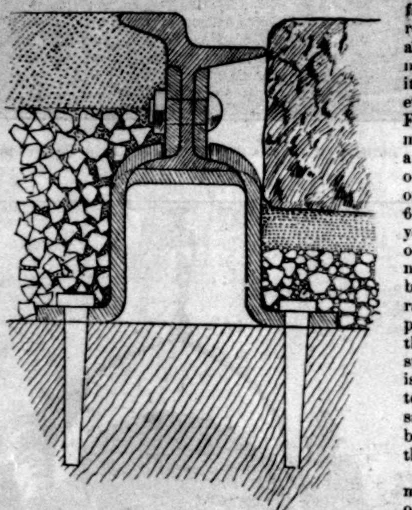


FIG. 22.

Acting on these general principles, engineers have usually recommended granite blocks in streets of heavy traffic or steep grades, and asphalt or wood for residence streets. They have for many years condemned macadam as a city pavement on account of its lack of durability, and because it cannot be kept clean, being always muddy when watered and dusty when dry. There are still large areas of macadam in the cities of Europe as well as of New England, but the expense of maintaining them is so great that they are being replaced as rapidly as possible. The wood pavement on a concrete foundation has not been popular in America on account of its lack of durability, the wood surface requiring renewal every five or six years; but it is largely used in London and Paris.

The granite block surface has been used more largely than any other, an undue importance having been attributed to the element of durability, regardless of all other qualities. But of late years the questions of noiselessness, cleanliness, and ease of traction have been more fully considered, and the result has been a large development of smooth-surface pavements, *i. e.*, asphalt and wood.

The limits of this article do not admit an exhaustive statement of the relative merits of the different kinds of road surfaces, but certain facts in relation to them may be briefly stated.

1. *As to Durability.*—The average life of granite blocks under heavy traffic in London is fifteen years, during which time the wear is about two inches, and the edges become so rounded that the pavement is as rough as cobble-stones. They can then be taken up, redressed, and laid on streets of lighter traffic, where they will last for twenty years more, during which time the wear is another two inches. The blocks are then so worn that they have not sufficient depth for a pavement surface, but can be sent to the crusher and broken up for concrete.

The average life of asphalt as laid in London and Paris is seventeen years. Cheapside was paved with asphalt in 1871, and after sustaining the heaviest traffic for seventeen years, it had worn down about one inch when it was resurfaced in 1878. The life of asphalt as laid in America is not yet fully determined. The first good asphalt pavement was laid on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, in 1876, and it is reported that it will be resurfaced this year, after thirteen years' use. On the other hand, several streets laid in Washington in 1879 are in perfect order, and do not show any apparent diminution in thickness after ten years' use. It is probable that the average life will prove to be about fifteen years.

The average life of wood in London and Paris is from six to seven years, as shown by the experience of large numbers of streets.

2. *Ease of Traction.*—Elaborate experiments have been made by Morin, MacNeil, Rumford, Gordon, and others, to determine the force required to draw a given load on various surfaces. The results agree fairly well, and show that the force is from $\frac{1}{20}$ to $\frac{1}{131}$ of the load, depending on the surface. The result of all the experiments, as regards the relative value of different surfaces, is as follows:

	Force required to draw one ton.
Iron	10 lbs.
Asphalt	15 "
Wood	21 "
Best stone blocks	33 "
Inferior stone blocks	50 "
Average cobble-stone	90 "
Macadam	100 "
Earth	200 "

i. e., if a certain amount of force is necessary to draw one ton on iron rails on level ground, it will require additional force in the proportions above stated to draw the same load on the other surfaces. The importance of these facts is but little realized, and in the absence of accurate statistics as to the number of vehicles, the amount of tonnage, and the distance travelled in large cities, it is impossible accurately to demonstrate their effect; but it can be approximately estimated. For instance, in the city of New York it is estimated that there are 12,000 trucks, carrying an average load of 1½ tons for 12 miles on each of 300 days in the year, at an average daily cost of $4 for each truck. The result is about 65,000,000 tons transported one mile in every year, at a total cost of $14,400,000, or at the rate of over 22 cents per ton-mile. The excessive nature of this charge is seen when it is remembered that the same goods are now carried by rail at $\frac{6}{10}$ of 1 cent per mile. On asphalt or wood pavements the same horses could transport a load three times as heavy as on the present rough stone pavements. If the saving in transportation is proportional to the load carried it would amount to nearly $10,000,000 per annum. It is safe to say that at least one-half of this amount would be saved by substituting smooth pavements for those now in use in New York.

3. *Cleanliness.*—The joints of a block pavement are receptacles for manure, urine, and all other street filth, and these joints can never be perfectly cleaned. The only remedy is to make the joints as small as possible. This is easily accomplished in wooden pavements where the blocks are sawed to exact shape. In stone pavements it is more difficult, but the dirt spaces are reduced to a minimum by filling the joints with gravel and hot tar, which renders them water-proof, and fills them up flush with the surface. When this work is carefully done with proper materials the filling is very durable, and remains in place for many years. It can easily be replaced when worn or broken by travel, by raking out the joints and refilling them. On asphalt pavements there are no joints, the surface being continuous, and for this reason the asphalt is the cleanest of all pavements.

There are two methods of cleaning streets. The cheapest, and the one most commonly used, is to clean the pavements (preferably at night, and after being sprinkled to lay the dust) by revolving brooms attached to carts. The ordinary form of street cleaning machine is shown in Fig. 13. The broom is set at an angle, and revolved by cog-wheels connecting with the main wheels. The dirt is thus brushed into the gutter, where it is collected into piles and removed by carts. The other method consists in removing by hand every particle of manure or dirt the instant it is placed on the street. Boys or men are stationed on every block, and provided with a broom and dust-pan, or canvas bag, into which they brush the dirt, and deposit it in a receptacle placed on the sidewalk, whence it is removed every few hours by carts. Broadway between Seventeenth and Twenty-third streets, and Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets between Fifth and Sixth avenues, in front of the large dry-goods stores, are thus cleaned by private enterprise. In London this work is done at public expense by large numbers of boys between ten and fourteen years of age, whose dexterity in darting between the horses and wheels in the most crowded thoroughfares is quite remarkable. Iron boxes are placed on the curb-stones at intervals of about one hundred and fifty feet, into which they empty the contents of their dust-pans, and the boxes are in turn emptied into carts, and hauled away every few hours. The expense of this hand labor is much greater than a daily sweeping with machines, but it is very much more effective. Where the streets are not properly cleaned, sprinkling is resorted to in order to lay the dust, and the result is only to substitute one evil for another, for the sprinkling turns the dust into mud, and renders all pavements very slippery. Pavements of all kinds should be kept dry and perfectly clean.

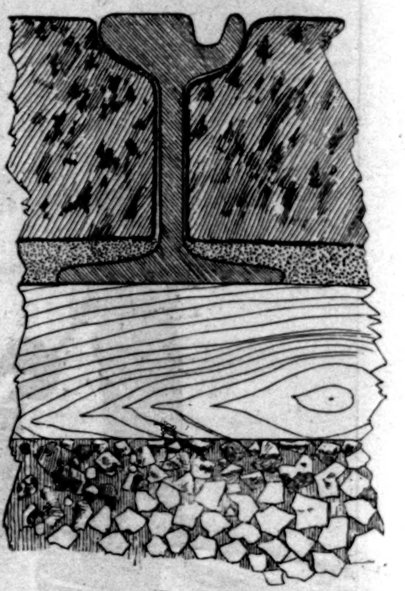


FIG. 23.

4. *Noise.*—The asphalt and wood pavements have a great superiority over stone in the matter of noise. Wood is probably the most noiseless of all, as the only sound is a low rumbling, due to the wheels passing over the joints of the blocks. On asphalt there is a click of the horses' feet, but no noise from the wheels; this is hardly noticeable in summer, but is observed in winter, when the pavement becomes harder. But both the rumbling and the click are insignificant in comparison with the roar caused by the mingling of countless blows of iron shoes and wheel tires on stone blocks. Several eminent physicians have expressed the opinion that this incessant noise is the chief cause of the nervous diseases which have come to be such a feature of modern city life.

5. *Foothold.*—The opinion generally prevails that granite block pavements are less slippery than smooth pavements, but careful observations show that this is not the fact. The best foothold for a horse is afforded by the soft dry soil of a race-track; next to this is a gravel road, and then macadam. But all of these surfaces are out of the question on heavily travelled streets. Exhaustive experiments, conducted by Colonel Haywood in London, showed that the relative proportion of falls of horses on different pavements, under the average conditions of weather, was as follows: On asphalt, 1; on granite, 1.47; on wood, 0. Similar observations in American cities established the following: On asphalt, 1; on granite, 1.40; on wood, 0.

It is thus evident that under ordinary conditions, such as exist on probably three hundred and fifty days in a year, the number of accidents to horses is much greater on stone pavements than on either asphalt or wood. In fact the surface of granite, or of any stone sufficiently hard for use on streets, polishes under traffic and becomes very slippery. The only foothold afforded to the horses is in the joints between the blocks. On the other hand, under certain conditions, such as a light, dry snow, or a fine rain on a dirty surface, asphalt and wood are more slippery than stone. The surface of these materials is not so slippery even under these circumstances as the stone, but they have no joints to prevent the horse from completely losing his footing. The number of accidents on stone pavements, under the circumstances named, is very great, but not so great as on the smoother pavements. But when kept dry and clean, both asphalt and wood afford a perfectly good foothold for horses, if reasonable care is exercised in turning corners. It is the practice in London and Paris to sprinkle sand on the smooth pavements, when the conditions are unfavorable, and the same practice is followed daily under all circumstances by the street car companies in New York on the stone pavements used by their horses.

6. *Cost.*—The prices of labor and materials differ so widely in various cities and at times in the same city, the conditions of traffic and cleanliness are so different on different streets, and the character of the maintenance is so different, that it is extremely difficult to form comparative tables of cost of the different road surfaces that can be relied upon as accurate. It is evident at a glance that the cost of construction is only one factor in the problem, and not the most important one. The main question to be determined is the cost of construction and interest on the same added to cost of maintenance during a long term of years. And by maintenance is meant maintaining the surface in a condition practically as good as when first laid. Of course if stone blocks are placed upon a street and become full of ruts and depressions at the end of five years (as has happened on Broadway between Seventeenth and Twenty-third streets), these defects will not become very much worse in another twenty or even thirty years, even if no repairs are made. The cost of maintenance under such circumstances would be very different from the

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* A bill of a somewhat similar character is now pending in the Pennsylvania Legislature. It provides for a uniform road tax of seven and a half mills, to be raised in each county by a board of road commissioners, and expended under their direction by a county engineer, provided that not less than forty per cent. of the road tax shall be expended in macadamizing or other permanent improvement. The act further provides that the county engineer shall be appointed by the Court of Common Pleas, that the roads shall be classified into highways, roads, and lanes, that the county shall be subdivided into districts, each in charge of a supervisor, and that he shall make plans and specifications for all work upon roads, and report at stated periods concerning the same. The only defect in the proposed plan is its failure to provide some central supervision for the entire State, so that the roads should be constructed and maintained on a uniform system in the different counties.

* Asphalt pavements are really a form of stone. The asphalt which they contain acts as a cement to hold together the limestone or sand which forms the body of the material, being from 85% to 95% of its weight.

figures obtained from the experience of Paris, London, Manchester, or Liverpool, where the surface is always kept in good order. In the following statements the comparison is made between different pavements laid in the best manner, with concrete foundations, and maintained at all times in a condition substantially as good as when first put down.

In Law and Clark's *Treatise on Roads* are given a great number of tables of first cost and maintenance of pavements in English cities, and in Debauve's *Manual* and the notes of the engineers accompanying the annual budgets of Pairs are given similar data in regard to French cities. They differ widely, according to varying circumstances, but all agree in showing the excessive cost of macadam under city traffic, which ranges from fifty cents to over two dollars per yard in every year. They also agree in the general statement that of pavements proper the granite is the cheapest, asphalt next, and wood the most expensive. The only scientific attempt to reduce these varying data to a uniform basis of cost for a given traffic is that made by Mr. Deacon in a paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1879, and since widely quoted. He had extensive statistics of cost and traffic in several English cities, and he reduced them to a uniform standard of 100,000 tons of traffic per year on each yard of width of the pavement. This is equivalent to about one hundred tons per day on each foot of width, and would be produced on a street forty feet wide by about 5000 vehicles of an average weight, including load, of 1800 pounds each. This is substantially the traffic of Fifth Avenue, in New York. He counted interest at three per cent., sinking-fund at fifty years, and maintenance at actual cost. His figures are as follows:

For 100,000 tons annual traffic per yard of width: granite blocks, 26 cts. per yard per year; bituminous concrete, 45 cts.; wood, 52 cts.; macadam, 71 cts.

The "bituminous concrete" referred to in his tables was a mixture of coal-tar and gravel used in Liverpool. Data now available for asphalt streets would place their cost about midway between granite blocks and bituminous concrete, *i. e.*, about 35 cts.

In America, owing to the absence of accurate statistics on the cost of maintaining granite, it is difficult to give exact figures, but it is believed, from present experience, that the relative expense of the granite block pavement on Fifth Avenue and the asphalt pavement on Madison Avenue in fifty years will be as follows, per square yard per annum:

	Granite.	Asphalt.
Cost of construction	$4.60	$3.75
Interest at 3%, and sinking-fund at 50 years	.27	.22
Annual maintenance	.04	.10
Three renewals of surface at $2.50 $\frac{2.50 \times 3}{50}=$	.15	
Four renewals of surface at $2.25 $\frac{2.25 \times 4}{50}=$		.18
Total per year	.46	.50

In the above statement the cost of renewing granite surface is taken at $2.00 per yard. The actual cost, on the basis of the contract price for Fifth Avenue, would be $3.75, from which should be deducted the value of the old stones, estimated at $1.25, which would be available for redressing and use on the lighter streets.

There are no statistics in America as to the expense during a term of years of wood pavement on a concrete foundation. In Paris the current contracts run for eighteen years, and the entire cost, both of construction and maintenance, is paid in annual instalments during that period of eighty-nine cents per yard for each year. It is stipulated that the surface is to be renewed every six years.

In brief, then, of the three wearing surfaces granite block is the cheapest, but at the same time the noisiest, the most destructive to vehicles, and the most expensive for transportation. Asphalt is the smoothest and cleanest, and is slightly more expensive than granite; wood is the most noiseless, is quite smooth, but is the most expensive.

There are various other pavements, such as brick, wooden blocks on plank, macadam, etc., which are useful in villages and small towns, but are incapable of standing the traffic of large cities, and hence are not discussed here.

One of the principal features of road-making within city limits is the construction of street railways. It is less than forty years since they were introduced, and their greatest development has taken place during the last fifteen years. Their use is not fully comprehended in Europe, which still adheres in the main to omnibuses and cabs as means of public transport. London alone has more than 15,000 cabs, and while these, in connection with smooth pavements, are a great luxury for the rich, they afford a very inadequate service for the poor. In America the street cars are universally employed in cities of all sizes, and with the final perfection of the mechanical motors in place of horses, they will have completely solved the problem of passenger traffic in cities. No idea of restricting their use would be tolerated for a moment. Their utility is so great that until recently the managers have been allowed to adopt the form of construction which they considered cheapest and most suitable for their cars, regardless of the rights of others who make a common use of the streets. Ordinarily they have built their roads with cross-ties, on which were placed longitudinal sleepers, and to these was spiked a rail with a broad base and without any vertical web or girder. The ordinary forms are the New York rail (Fig. 20), and the Philadelphia rail (Fig. 21). The longitudinal sleepers quickly rot, the spikes pull out, leaving the rail loose, and the rail itself has a high shoulder or centre-piece, which twists the wheels of every passing vehicle, and not infrequently breaks the axle. Within the last few years a more permanent construction has been devised by the use of a girder rail, whose vertical web gives the necessary stiffness, and does away with the necessity of the longitudinal sleeper. The rail rests upon chairs securely fastened to the cross-ties, and no spikes are necessary. If the cross-ties are embedded in concrete, the construction is very solid and permanent. The form of the head of the rail is, however, the most important feature as regards the obstruction to street traffic. The centre-bearing rail is shown in Fig. 20, the side-bearing in Figs. 21 and 22, and the flat grooved rail in Fig. 23. It needs only a glance at these sections to see the great superiority of the last form, by which the obstruction to vehicles is almost wholly removed. Wheels pass over it at any angle without catching in the groove. This form of rail has been in use in European cities for many years, and it has lately been introduced in Washington and in Boston. Objection is made to it by the street-car companies on the ground that the groove becomes filled with dirt in summer and with ice in winter; but these objections are of the same specious character as those so long used by electrical companies in opposition to placing their wires underground, and do not, in fact, constitute any practical difficulty. While the centre-bearing rail is undoubtedly the best for the interests of the street-car companies, yet it is an intolerable nuisance for all others who use the streets. And this nuisance is wholly unjustifiable when it can be avoided by the use of another form of rail.

In Figs. 18 and 19 can be seen the appearance of two streets, one constructed according to the most modern ideas, and the other according to the practice of the last generation. In the latter there is a rough stone pavement, a high rail, and cars drawn by horses; in the other a smooth pavement, grooved rail, and cars moved by electricity, which also lights the street by clusters of incandescent lights.

THE ALBEMARLE SOUND FISHERIES.

THE *Clupeus æstivalis*, known as the glut herring of the Albemarle and Chesapeake, and further south as the English herring, abounds in these warmer waters. The illustration represents the fisheries at Avoca, on Albemarle Sound, North Carolina. It was only in 1879 that a distinction was found to exist between the two kinds of herring, the *æstivalis* and *vernalis*, known as often as not as the alewife, indifferent to its belonging to *æstivalis* or *vernalis*. Colonel MACDONALD, the present United States Commissioner of Fisheries, tells us that in the Albemarle region in a single season 20,000,000 alewives have been taken. The hauls at Avoca take in many varieties of fish, and at times large numbers of striped bass are landed. When the fish come in, great activity exists, and many colored people are employed, who clean and prepare the fish for shipment. Few if any herring are smoked in the South, the fish entering into immediate consumption. Shad are very abundant in this same region, and in one season 750,000 were taken. At one time the United States Fish Commission secured shad eggs in the rivers entering into Albemarle Sound, but shad are now found nearer at hand. It is questionable, too, whether the Southern shad are as fine fish as those found in more northerly waters, and in its selection of stock of fish the Fish Commission must be governed by what is the best for actual use. When fresh fish can be brought profitably to New York from the Pacific coast, there is no reason why fish taken so much nearer the greatest point of consumption as off the coast of North Carolina should not find a ready market in the Northern States.

THE WORK OF "THE SUMMER CORPS."

THE recently published statistical tables by which it appears that the mortality is no greater in the homes of the poor of New York city than among the well-to-do were extremely surprising to those who have made a study of the tenement-houses in the worst portions of the city. For, to one who will visit and examine some of these houses, the wonder is not that people die there, but that any remain alive. That they do, that children are born, thrive, and grow up under the conditions that still obtain in certain neighborhoods, seems a contradiction of what are popularly supposed to be the laws of nature, for it establishes the fact that the human system is capable of seemingly healthy growth under the constant influence of foul air and tainted water, and contact with the disease germs that are supposed to be generated by miscellaneous filth.

There is no possible doubt that these conditions have been vastly ameliorated in late years by the constant and intelligent efforts of the Board of Health, and by the force of public opinion and law as directed to the question of house-building.

The picture which appears on another page is an accurate representation of what was seen on a recent trip made in company with Dr. Davies Coxe, of the Summer Corps of the Board of Health. It indicates clearly the character of that work which has indubitably reduced the rate of mortality, and which, by its constancy and thoroughness, assists in making New York a healthy city, despite many drawbacks. In the course of the war on disease which is maintained by the Board of Health, attention was early directed to the high rate of infant mortality in the worst neighborhoods, and especially to the fact that this rate was highest during the hottest portions of the year. In consequence, a visiting corps of physicians was organized, whose duty was to make a systematic canvass of what is known as the tenement districts, visiting as nearly as possible every family, and inquiring for and treating all such children as were found to be ill. Because their work lasts through July and August, they are called the Summer Corps. About forty such physicians are now canvassing the city daily, being paid a small salary by the board.

Much has been learned and much accomplished by this corps from year to year. They have enlarged the scope of the invaluable statistics of the board. They have directly saved many lives, and indirectly improved the conditions of life for thousands of children, by distributing personally to the mothers the little common-sense circulars of the board, containing simple and plain directions as to the care of children. They have directed attention to numerous plague spots of dangerous filth, which but for domiciliary visits would have remained hidden. And they have been, as any one may be who may accompany them, profoundly stirred by close contemplation of the awful miseries of poverty and ignorance.

As every one must be who takes up arms against the sea of troubles in which the very poor continually struggle, they are sometimes discouraged. "At times I hardly think we do much good," said Dr. Coxe. "What the children whom I see need is proper care and proper food, and I go to them with powders. Medicine won't save a child that hasn't proper food and care, and those I cannot give." Yet the results show that he errs in the conclusion, though his premises are sound. Probably the circulars do more good than the medicines; but, whatever does it, the children do not die as they used to, even in severe seasons.

It is interesting to note the difference in the way these domiciliary visits are received now from the way they were received at first. Years ago, when the Summer Corps was new, in company with some one of the physicians, I have often seen doors slammed, and heard violent threats from some surly and ignorant father, who refused to listen to explanations, and ordered intruders away from his premises with incontinent wrath. Now such an experience is almost unheard of. The most ignorant seem to have learned the nature of the effort, and to accept the doctors' visits either with gratitude or stolid composure.

There is a difference, too, in the way the poor now live from the conditions of twenty years ago. None of the little party who were with a visitor from the Howard Mission will ever forget one scene they witnessed then in a Water Street cellar. The Board of Health had not then interdicted the use of rooms underground for dwellings, and in this room the tide-water rose, twice in twenty-four hours, till it put out the fire in the broken stove. Yet it was the home of a poor widow, who sat on a table, sewing on the "slop-work" by which she earned her living, while her baby, wrapped in a bundle, was hung on a nail in the wall to keep it out of the water.

This scene could not be duplicated now in New York city; the regulations are too strict and too well enforced. Yet poverty and ignorance as factors in the great problem seem invincible. However wisely and well planned the great tenements may be, the habits of some of the people will turn them speedily into pest holes, and constant vigilance is required and exercised to keep them from becoming uninhabitable. Moreover, it is not in these well-built tenements of modern times that the worst conditions are found. In one of the older of the great five-story barracks in Chrystie Street (a double house) we found thirty-three families living. The two entrances were through long narrow halls, open front and rear, but standing at the front door in the middle of the day it was difficult to see anything at the rear door, and impossible to distinguish objects midway. The darkness came from the fact that the sun never shines into the back yard. And such a yard as it is! Perhaps twelve feet by forty in dimensions, it is surrounded by five-story buildings. Paved with stone and walled with brick, the stone and brick are broken, and foul with dampness on the hottest day. Fully one-third of the space is occupied by the necessary out-buildings, that serve for the use of probably a hundred and forty persons. Standing in one corner were four large garbage barrels, from which foul exhalations arose on the stagnant air. In another corner stood a cot upraised on one end. The halls are doubtless scrubbed from time to time, though it was hard to believe this, and they can never dry. As the narrow stairs were ascended, the smell of wood decaying in the constant dampness mingled with worse odors, and the darkness grew denser until the upper stories were reached. Yet this was not the worst place found. Two blocks below, on a triangular bit of ground, a huge five-story building was erected in the dark ages of the builder's art, and still stands, a home for perhaps fifty families. Overcrowding, that was formerly so common, is now held in check, but no authority exists here which can be so stretched as to prevent the taking of many lodgers by the tenant of the smallest rooms. Not less than two hundred persons sleep here. Each family has two rooms. The larger, with windows on the street, is parlor, kitchen, dining-room, and living-room; the smaller, opening on a balcony which runs around the three sides of the yard, is the sleeping-room. The yard beggars description. The sun has never struck the stone pavement since it was laid. The broad balconies are thoroughfares, and dripping from them in a perpetual shower is the moisture that comes from filth and the constant effort against it of daily scrubbing. The out-buildings are in the yard, never light, and impossible of ventilation.

Even this is not the worst. We find in a six-story rear tenement two families on each floor, with two rooms for each family, and no opening from the sleeping-rooms to the outside air excepting one small grated window about two feet square. There is no back yard. The front contains little but the inevitable out-buildings and the small hydrant. There is no room for more. Yet in each of these tiny sleeping-rooms, about seven feet by ten, from two to eight persons pass the nights.

These people, after all, present the most serious obstacles to the work of reformation. Words can hardly convey a notion of their ignorance. This doubtless seems the denser because many neither speak nor understand English, but it is shown to be very great by their habits. Either from recklessness, indolence, or crass ignorance they neglect the commonest precautions against pestilence, render the struggle of nature twofold harder than it should be, and compel the use of drastic means to prevent their own destruction. A neat-looking Italian barber, learning that a doctor from the Board of Health was in the neighborhood, came running out to make a complaint against the house-keeper of one of these great tenements. She poured, he said, some nasty black stuff around the doorway next to his shop every night, and the smell was obnoxious. He wanted it stopped. A glance showed that the "nasty black stuff" was a powerful disinfectant, and, moreover, that its use was very essential on the spot named, but the doctor attempted no explanation. One look at the barber told him that it was useless.

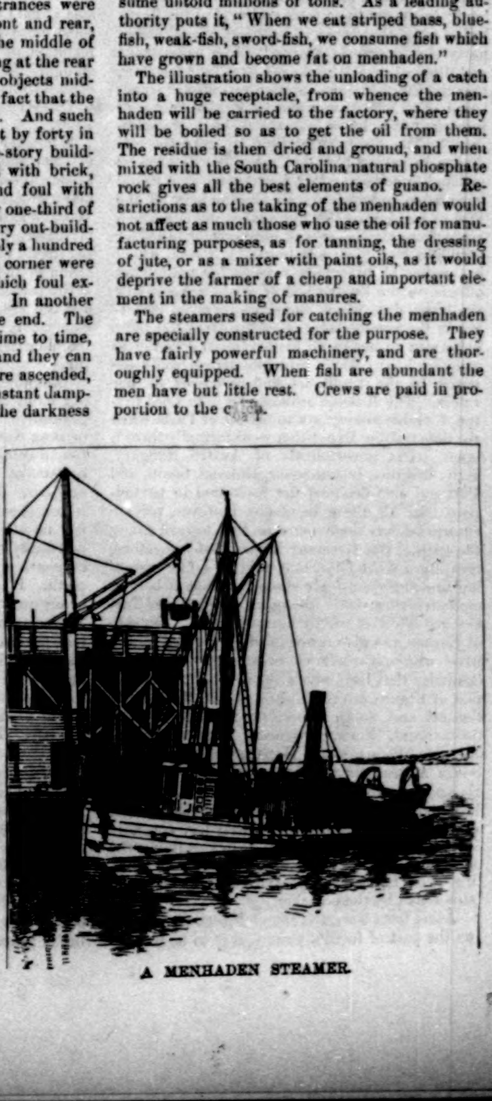
DAVID A. CURTIS.

A MENHADEN CATCH.

THE illustration represents a catch of menhaden rather of the past than of the present, for of late years the *Brevoortia tyrannus* has not been taken in such vast quantities as formerly. An idea of their abundance in prior periods may be judged from the following figures. In 1877 three sloops from New London seined 13,000,000 fish, and in the same year in Booth Bay 50,000,000 fish were taken. Captured for their oil, the yield differs in accordance with the condition of the menhaden. Fish are poor in the spring, when a barrel of them will only make three quarts of oil, but when they are fat, as in the fall, from five to six gallons of oil are obtainable. Besides the value of the menhaden as a source of oil, it is for manure that the fish is considered so valuable. Professor C. Brown Goode made the calculation that in 1875 the amount of nitrogenous substances derived from this fish was equivalent to the nitrogen contained in 60,000,000 pounds of Peruvian guano, and that its money value was $1,920,000. Another great use of the menhaden is for bait. At the period when the last fishery census was made the number of persons employed in the fishery was 3635, and the capital invested $2,362,000. Though the menhaden is so common a fish, we do not know its place of breeding. Professor Goode writes: "Thousands of specimens have been dissected since 1871 without the discovery of mature ova." It is probable that they do not follow the coast, but head in directly from the sea. Notwithstanding the heavy inroads which have been made before this by man on menhaden—the bulk of fish captured weighing from 200,000 to 300,000 tons—the predacious fish consume untold millions of tons. As a leading authority puts it, "When we eat striped bass, bluefish, weak-fish, sword-fish, we consume fish which have grown and become fat on menhaden."

The illustration shows the unloading of a catch into a huge receptacle, from whence the menhaden will be carried to the factory, where they will be boiled so as to get the oil from them. The residue is then dried and ground, and when mixed with the South Carolina natural phosphate rock gives all the best elements of guano. Restrictions as to the taking of the menhaden would not affect as much those who use the oil for manufacturing purposes, as for tanning, the dressing of jute, or as a mixer with paint oils, as it would deprive the farmer of a cheap and important element in the making of manures.

The steamers used for catching the menhaden are specially constructed for the purpose. They have fairly powerful machinery, and are thoroughly equipped. When fish are abundant the men have but little rest. Crews are paid in proportion to the catch.



A MENHADEN STEAMER.